

1948



Ruth Durkhardt





Lincolnian

1948

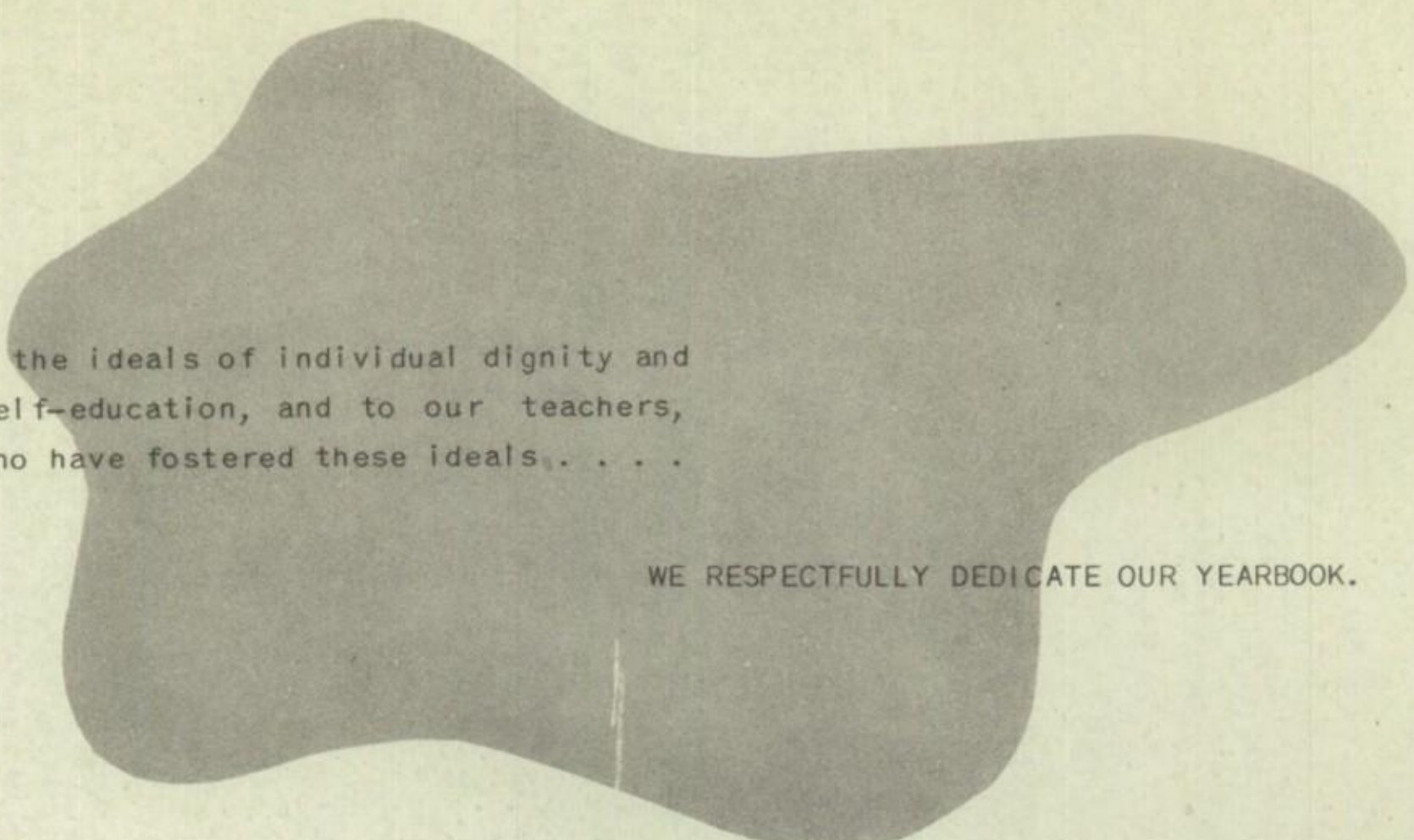


*'Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.'*

-- Tennyson, ULYSSES

Published
by
THE CLASS OF 1948

Horace Mann-Lincoln School, 425 West 123rd Street, New York, New York.



To the ideals of individual dignity and
self-education, and to our teachers,
who have fostered these ideals

WE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE OUR YEARBOOK.



Activities



Council

The Student Council has enjoyed a year of rather relaxed activity. The attendance in Room 309 on alternating Thursdays has generally been on the scarce side. There have been, however, several issues which have roused school interest by their dynamic import. In the beginning of the year, for instance, the arrangement of the school finances and the appeasement of the various committees hoping to receive aid brought eager spectators scurrying to Council, exuding public opinion. Later on, after a depression in audience population, Council attendance picked up again for the Study Hall hearing. With the exception of such incidents, the Council's Census Bureau reports that a new low was hit. The reason for this is not due to the lack of student interest (Oh, never!) but rather to the fact that this has been a quiet year and few definite, school-shaking issues have arisen.

A subject which brimmed our filling cup of faith in student government was the George School Conference. President Pierre Epstein, Study Hall administration authority Jeanne Bilby, and a faculty member served as delegates to the conference, which was a meeting of representatives from several noted institutions of learning to discuss student government and how it is handled in the respective schools. The H.M.-L. delegates reported back to the Council that Horace Mann-Lincoln came through with flying colors. It seems that we have a governmental system somewhat advanced over that employed by the other schools represented at the conference.

The "Public Relations Department" of the Horace Mann-Lincoln School Student Council has released a release quoting President Pierre L. Epstein's general comment on the 1947-48 Council. He says, "On the whole, the Council year has been a quiet one, with the students discussing the different phases of student government rather than passing motions on them."



"...and save on the cost of..."

Committees



Levon's social committee

This year the Social Committee, headed by Levon Simsarian, decided to try to cooperate with various other branches of our school government which are connected with social welfare. The Committee worked with the School Service Committee in dabbling with dance decorations, with the World Service Committee in backing benefit affairs, and with the Assembly Committee in making highly imaginative announcements to persuade the not-always-so-imaginative boys to ask girls to the school dances.

For those of us who do not peruse the highlights of the financial columns, it must be pointed out that the Social Committee carried through a successful social season on a very limited budget. The allowance was half the amount of last year's allotment and one-third that of

1946. Because of the excellent management of the Economics Division of the Social Committee there just happened to be enough money for one whole extra dance (inter-school) and for authentic orchestral arrangements for both the Christmas and the Commencement dances.

The Social Committee gained new prestige this year when, much to the surprise of the student body, it succeeded in enforcing a new and much criticized policy for school functions. This policy restricted admittance at dances to H. M.-L. students and their invited dates. As the committee's battle cry, "No crashers or mashers allowed", echoed through the halls, Levon and his girlish cohorts quietly went about their job of providing bigger and better dances for the student body.

The World Service Committee plans social welfare on a larger scale.

The World Service Committee is another organization which concerns itself with social welfare, but on a larger scale. The committee has done a laudable job in directing a relief program for Europe. Chairman Charlotte Rappaport reports that at the beginning of the year a detailed plan was drawn up for food and clothing drives, and for a system whereby each section "adopted" a European family. In each class individuals contributed a minimum of ten cents a week to send C.A.R.E. packages as often as possible to their chosen family.



An extensive clothing drive was organized in the fall. By Christmas there were forty packages of clothing ready to be sent to Europe. The fast-growing students of the elementary school joined with the high school and, as usual, outdid the upper school in clothing contributions. During the second semester a contest was held to see which class could raise the most money for sending C.A.R.E. packages to the "adopted" families. The affluent eleventh grade won, but the increased tempo of contributions sent several extra packages to Europe.

The World Service Committee deserves great credit for making the school C.A.R.E. conscious and for organizing extensive and unusually successful drives for European relief without relying on a "pledge" system.



School Service Committee preparing propaganda.

"I serve; you serve; he serves....," the members of the School Service Committee could be heard muttering as they changed case displays on the third floor. They have indeed served this year. What with filling the show cases on the third and fourth floors, supervising the clubs, decorating the gymnasium and halls for dances, and preparing posters and other propaganda for school affairs, the committee has had quite a busy year. Among the displays featured in the show cases were exhibits on Japan, Guatemala, and the United Nations. In the third floor case, a pictorial history of the Class of 1948 featured the snapshotted sins of the Seniors. The Chess Club and Drama Club thrived, though several attempts to establish a Photography Club and a Stamp Club did not succeed.

Chairman Margy Lamont feels that, although the committee may have missed out on organizing clubs, the dearth of them was perhaps partly due to lack of interest among the students. "On the whole," she says, "this year has been successful for the School Service Committee and its members have worked well together."

Under the dynamic leadership of Mike Meiss the Community Service Committee has written off 1948 as a ripping good year. Among the many deeds of good-will recorded in the committee archives one may find the following feats:

The Community Servicers managed the whole program for "Man and Superman", an obscure play written especially for a benefit performance for the Horace Mann-Lincoln school. They enlisted students to buy tickets and to put their names, for a price, in the Souvenir Guide booklet. The committee discarded their persuasive thumb-press when the play achieved immediate success with the committee's excellent backing.

A great contribution was made to the Saturday Center. This year complete

An iron hand rules the Community Service Committee.





We plan...



...interesting and entertaining assemblies.



The Finance Committee:
this committee costs each student \$7.50.

responsibility for it was assumed by the committee, who recruited willing workers for the Center.

The Community Service Committee organized work at the Church of the Master. The basement was repaired, and equipment generally re-organized, and toys were repainted and new ones made.

The Assembly Committee has gained unusual renown this year. Although the committee has been operating on a severely cut budget, it has managed to produce interesting, entertaining, varied, and even educational assemblies, ranging from local talent shows to a science assembly. The local talent shows have provided many of the especially bright spots on the year's program. Now people are saying that besides just being brilliant, every Joe and Jane at H.M.-L. can play "Chop sticks" and a mean bass fiddle. The chemistry show was another bright spot. It was supposed to go off with a bang, but unfortunately the banging machinery was out of order and only a thud and a giggle were heard. The assembly was a hit, however, and a repeat performance for the lower school was received with similar success.

Among other high spots on the Assembly schedule was *Sing Out, Sweet Land*, given by the ninth grade; the Horace Mann School for Boys' assembly, which never came off; and the all-school musical program in the spring.

The Assembly Committee can be proud of this year's achievement in providing the school with good assemblies. Only four members on the committee were old hands at the business, but Chairman Alice Gutmann happily announced that the new members caught on fast. All in all, the committee has had a busy and gratifying year.

Last, but not in the *least* least, we come to the Finance Committee, that pillar of student government and savior of financially embarrassed committees.

Pat Reed and her crew of trusty treasurers drew up the budget at the beginning of the year for the Council's approval. Financial operation was somewhat stymied this year by lack of money. All committees had to "make do" with severely reduced allowances. They seemed to fare fairly well, even though the shoe may have pinched many of them. For a detailed analysis of H.M.-L.'s student economy see the latest copy of "Money isn't Everything..." issued by the Finance Committee.

As we leave the wistful vistas of H.M.-L.'s crowded corridors, we brush a dollar bill from our eye (the one we never gave to the S.A.F.), and think nostalgically back upon the every-other Thursday sessions at which the Council and the committees arranged affairs of state for our school.

STUDY HALL ROLL

Fifth Period

Armstrong, Jim
Bolton, Whitney
Carson, Sally
Coleman, Roy
Colvin, Elizabeth
Distelhurst, M.J.
Feldman, R.A.
Hahn, Roger
Hirsch, June
Hirsh, Elizabeth
Laslo, John
Lukach, Ellin
Reich, Peter
Reisenfeld, Ellen
Robinson, Theodore
Stern, Mira
Yasumura, Seiichi
Moses, De Maurice

TEACHER Daringer

Date Monday

Grade twelve

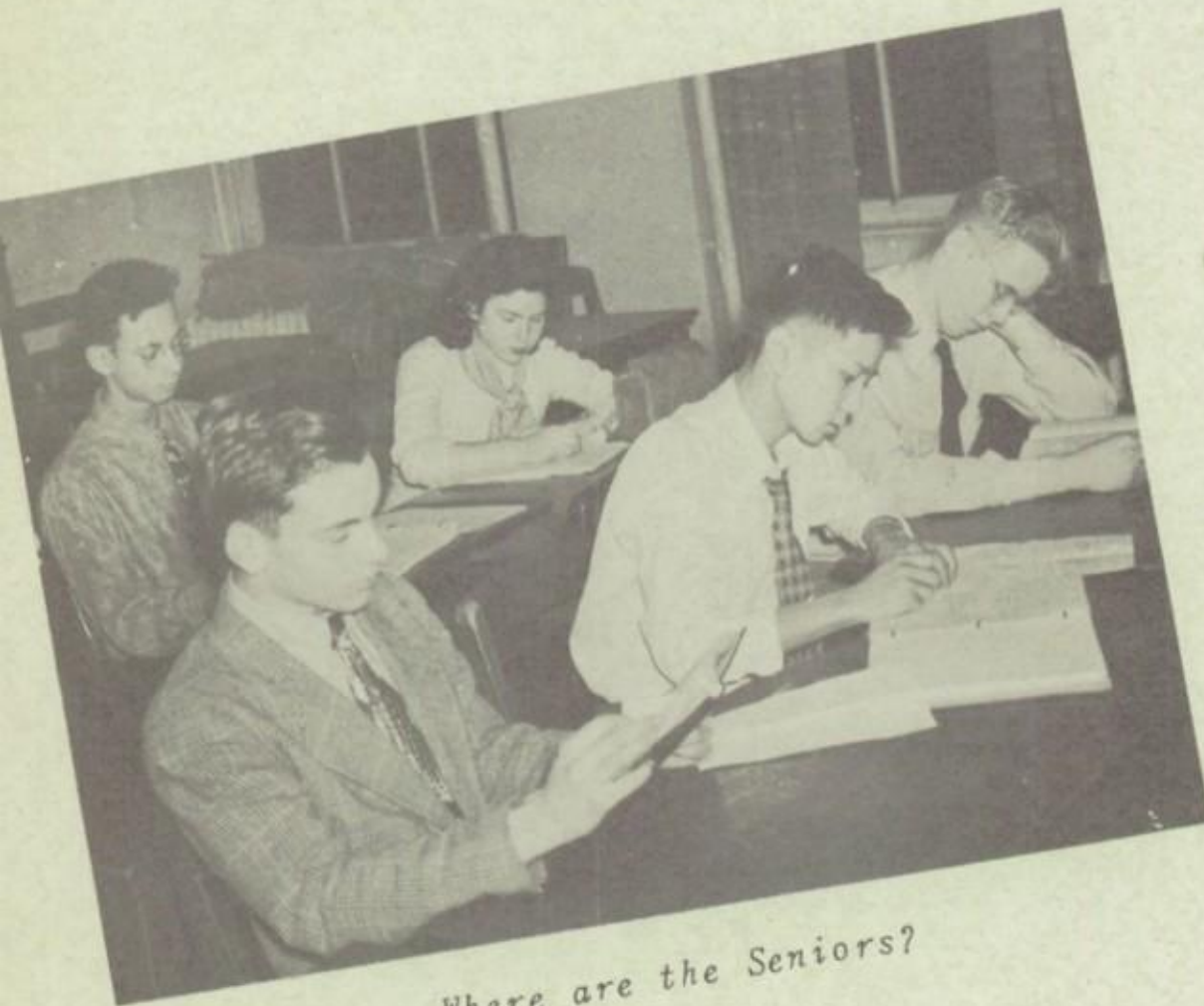
Period five

Absent:

Whitney Bolton
Sally Carson
Betsy Colvin
M. J. Distelhurst
June Hirsch
Liz Hirsh
John Laslo
Rona Mound
Pete Reich
Ellen Reisenfeld
Jeanne Tishman
Teddy Robinson
Roger Feldman
Roy Coleman

Tardy:

Note
(After all it's
spring - and we
were hungry!!!)
- supervisor



Where are the Seniors?

Publications

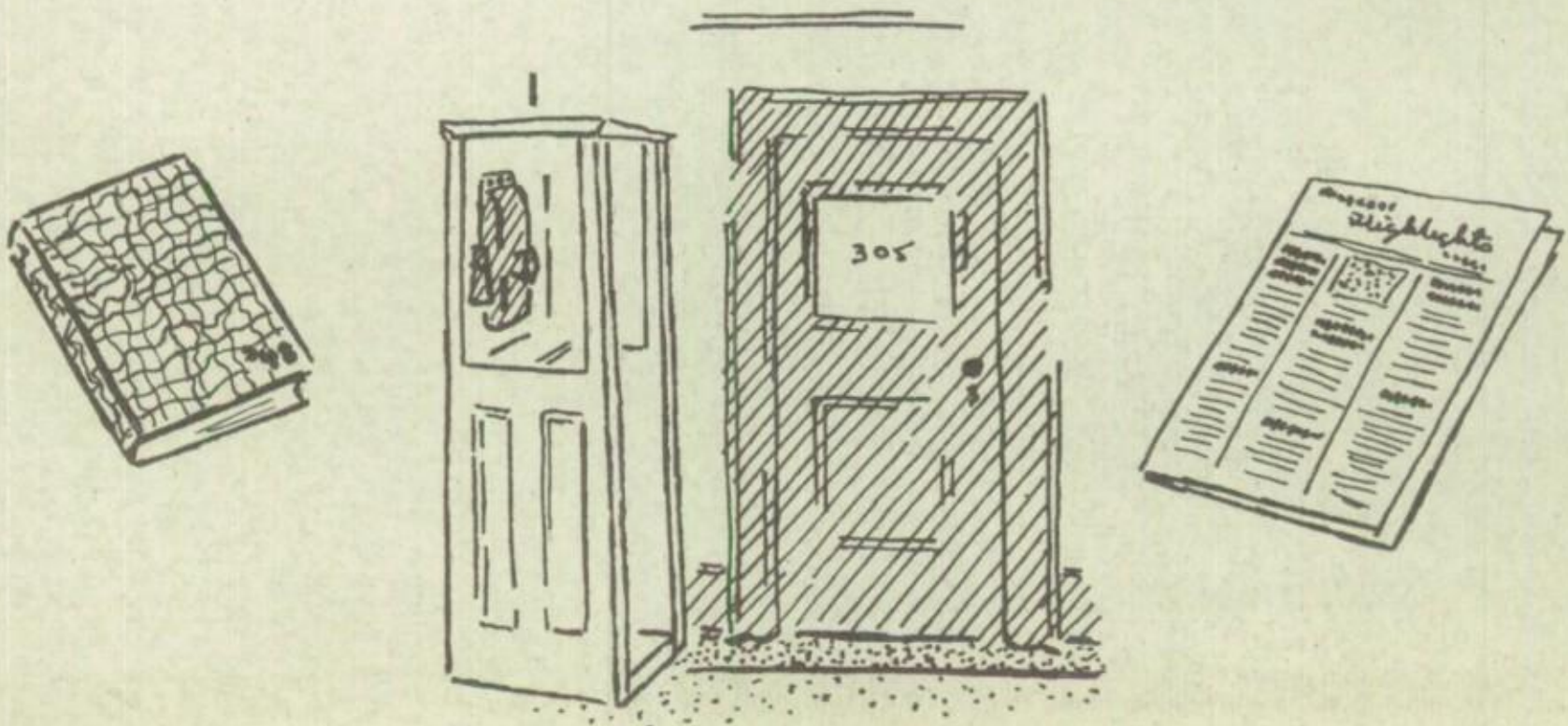
This year's story of the two H.M.-L. publications, *Highlights* and the *Lincolnian*, began one September morning when editors Bob and Bettina each asked the Council for a portion of the Student Activities Fund. A struggle between the two editors and the Student Council ensued, after which the sum that Bob had requested was reduced, although Bettina's demands were granted.

With the school year well on its way by this time, Bob took his staff and set up shop in one corner of the Blue Gallery (the corner with the window), and Bettina, with her co-workers, began to work in another corner of the office (the corner with the comfortable couch).

First the *Lincolnian* had to find itself a reasonable offsetter and *Highlights* had to find itself a *very* reasonable printer. Then the editors began doling out assignments, and the assistant editors began writing the required articles and turning them in two weeks after the final deadline.

From the time that the Blue Gallery acquired a door and became room 302, its regular inhabitants spent their time typing, editing copy, rewriting, and often re-writing again. The big steel files were always overflowing with pictures, copy, and miscellaneous belongings of the staff. The walls were decorated with license plates, issues of *Highlights*, unusual pictures, and deadline lists--all evidence of the diligence of *Lincolnian* and *Highlights* officials alike.

Some way or other, no one is quite sure how, *Highlights* was published fairly regularly and the yearbook finally went on sale, eventually finding itself in the possession of the underclassmen, who carried it down the halls with them as they chased after the Seniors.



Highlights

In an exciting year which saw *Highlights* experimenting with both printed and offset styles, its staff was afforded many opportunities to learn about news preparation and presentation. At the beginning of the year, sixty students indicated their desire to work on *Highlights*, which made the 1948 staff considerably larger than last year's, even though the 1948 enrollment was a third smaller. This indicates, by figures alone, that more and more H.M.-L. students have realized the educational value of working on a school publication.

One objective at which the editorial staff of *Highlights* aimed this year was the incorporation of democratic procedure into the choice of editors for the various staff posts. The staff tried, whenever possible, to avoid favoritism by electing officials on the basis of merit and experience.

Highlights had a professional air about it while our reporters were "covering" the H.M.-L. vs. Teachers College trial and the frequent Parent-Teacher Association meetings concerning the trial. One incident, which we think worth recalling, occurred when three eighth graders were huddled around the telephone, while one excitedly told his parent that the school would continue next year. The parent, obviously surprised, asked his son how he knew for sure, whereupon the boy confidently procured a copy of *Highlights* and quoted the headlines and most of the article from which he had taken the information.

Just before the halfway mark of the year, the Senior editors chose their successors, who capably replaced them in February in order that the Seniors might be free to study for College Board Examinations. The new staff brought with it new inspiration and some good ideas which are steadily improving the quality of the paper.

Next year's school plans are quickly taking shape and there is reason to believe that the new school will forward the high principles of education carried on at the Horace Mann-Lincoln School under Teachers College. We of *Highlights* hope to see the school paper playing a more vital part than ever in student government next year.

Everybody reads *Highlights*.

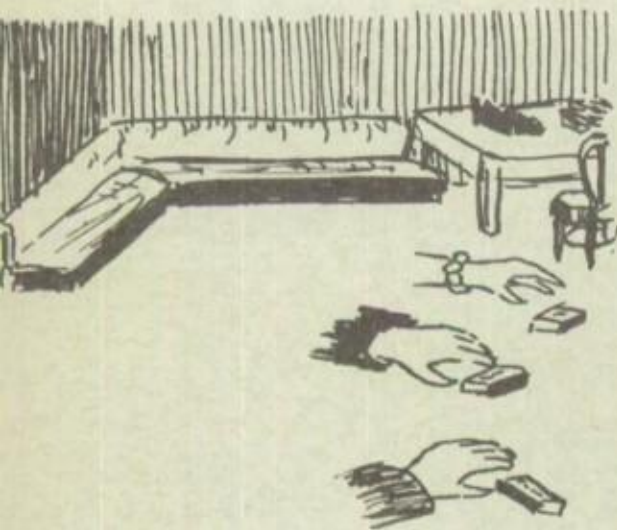
Editor's Note: We loaned them our couch for this picture.



Lincolnian

Having gulped down their lunches, the fourteen members of the *Lincolnian* staff wander back to the H.M.-L. building and their third floor office. Chuck and Whitney, the first to arrive, are sending a barrage of match boxes back and forth across the floor, while they chant the South American ditty, *Chuqui-Chuc*, which accompanies their game. As the rest of the staff arrives, more match boxes go skidding around and the singing becomes louder and louder.

Trying in vain to ignore the members of the *Highlights* staff, who always seem to be under foot, we proceed to the business of the day. Under Bettina's quiet rule, Chao and June display the latest illustrations. Ellen reads the witty quotations about the Seniors, while Bob explains the jokes to Rona who "doesn't understand." Pat reads the Senior history as Bettina apologizes for mistakes that aren't there. After a photography report from Harley and Jinx, June presents the pros and cons of using color in the book and she and Chuck begin a heated argument. Allan reads the story of the Swami and the Seventh grade, Sally gives a summary of the committee article, and Martha Jean tells us about the progress of the ninth grade write-up. The staff agrees pretty well on everything that comes up, and the meeting is closed, as usual, with the gentle reminder to all that the printer's deadline is not so far off as it seems.

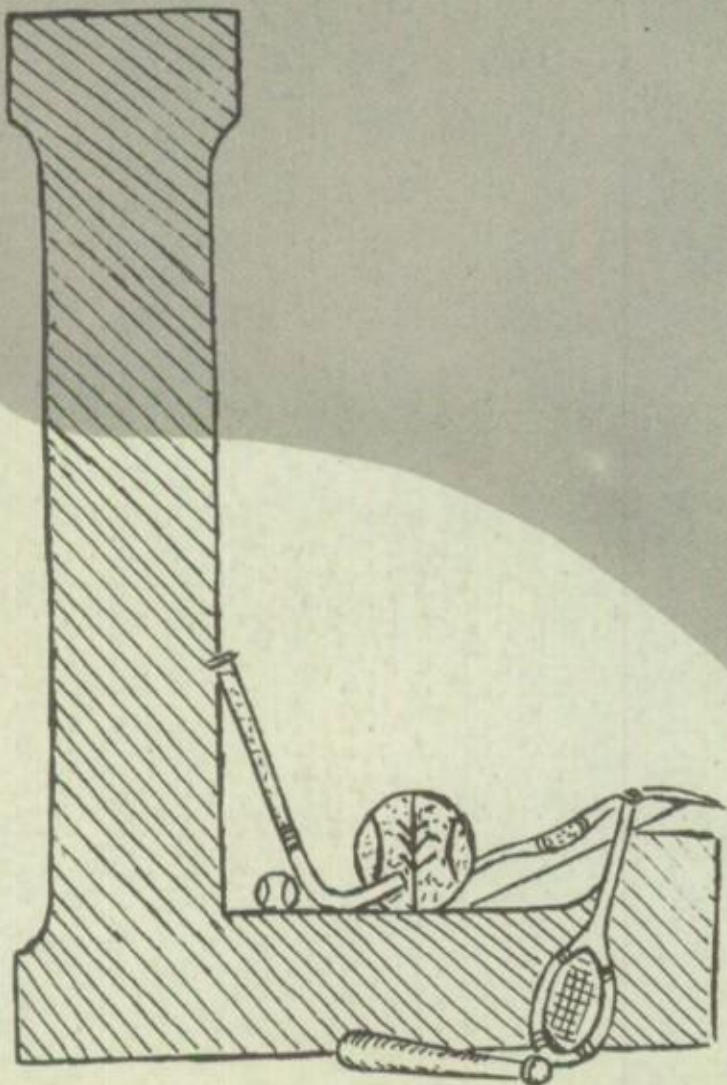
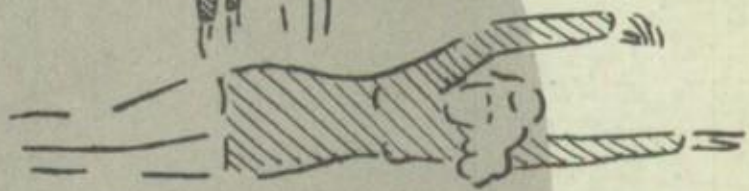
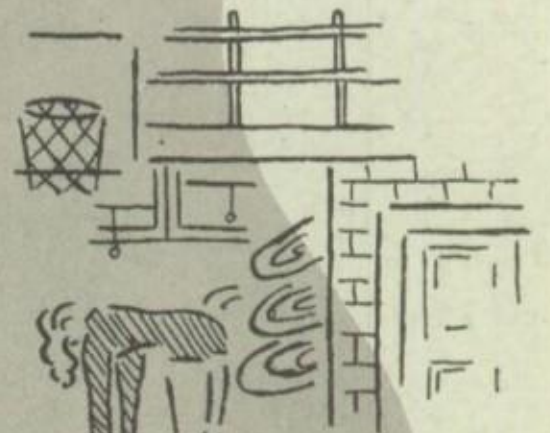


We had a large staff...





Athletics



June

Many of our more unforgettable experiences occur on H.M.-Lincoln athletic fields or in H.M.-Lincoln gymnasiums. Every student is required to participate in some phase of the athletic program each term.

Early in the fall, the boys are usually requested to clean up the dirt playground in preparation for girls' field hockey and speedball, and their own football scrimmages and soccer games. The fall season is perhaps the most difficult period for the athletic department to manage, for, because of an acute shortage of playing fields, recreation during the warm seasons of the school year is somewhat cramped.

After the Thanksgiving holiday, the winter program begins and, under the expert guidance of the staff, even the most inept enthusiast gains a certain amount of proficiency in at least one of the activities. Those who do not participate on varsity teams become graceful fencers and tumblers, spectacular floor hockey players, or hardy wrestlers and boxers.

At the first signs of spring, the boys are again herded out to the playground, not only to be reconditioned by hours of sunshine, but once more to make the fields fit for the young lady softballers of H.M.-L. The sports year finally ends with the great annual field meet in which a large proportion of the student body competes for hard sought-after team points.

While it would be hardly fair to say that athletics at Horace Mann-Lincoln take precedence over our academic studies, we can best determine its position in the school curriculum, perhaps, by judging its popularity within the student body. Although most of us often obtain health excuses for the most trivial ailments without the slightest compunction, few, if any, H.M.-Lincoln students have been known to wish themselves back in a mathematics or history class during their regularly scheduled gymnasium period.



We charged right through for the Orange and Blue

Boys' Sports



At the beginning of this year's soccer season, Coach Lott, to his dismay, found that only two lettermen from the 1946 soccer squad had returned. With the longest schedule in H.M.-Lincoln history to be faced, the season's outlook appeared rather grim. After several weeks of drilling a squad composed mainly of boys who had plenty of fight but little experience, Coach finally arrived at a starting alignment for the team's first game. His judgment proved to be sound, as

the team took control of the game from the very beginning and won going away. The second game was also a victory, though not such an easy one, over Horace Mann, by the score of 1-0. As the old saying goes, however, "All good things must come to an end." The team's modest two-game winning streak was broken in a game with Hackley.

After a tie with Staten Island, three successive victories followed, but H.M.-L. eventually lost its chance for the M. A. A. P. S. title in its encounter with Brooklyn Friends. The end of the season saw Horace Mann-Lincoln finish with six victories, three losses, and two ties. The team scored twenty-three goals, while our defense let nine go through for the opposition.

Despite the fact that only three veterans from the 1946-47 boys' basketball team returned to school this year, the varsity squad was potentially the best that H.M.-Lincoln had seen in many years. The team started the season well by trouncing New York Friends in a preliminary scrimmage, and its first two regularly scheduled rivals. After those victories the team dropped three straight games and turned a good season into a mediocre one. The rest of the schedule was characterized by the inevitable alteration of victories and losses until, toward the end of the season, the boys turned in what was probably the greatest upset of the year by defeating a favored Franklin team, 46-42, in an overtime period.

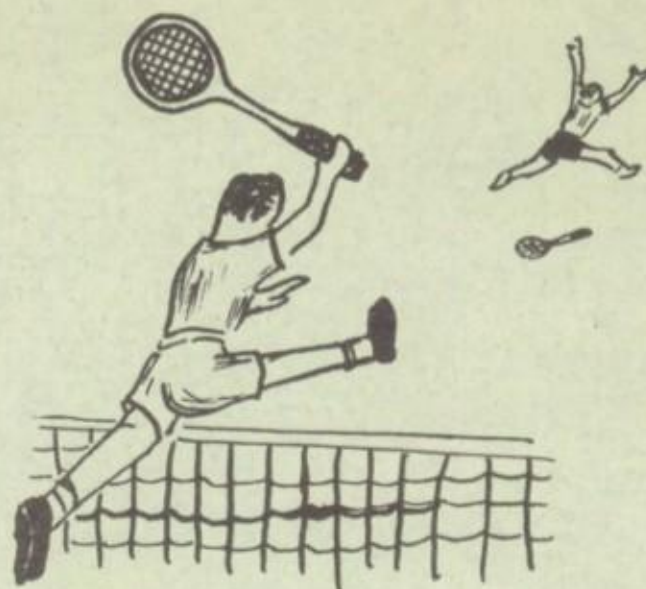


"This is a basketball..."

Despite the victory over Franklin, the season proved to be a rather disappointing one for the boys who had the championship in mind when the first practice was called.

The Junior Varsity basketball team enjoyed a successful season, as did most of the H.M.-Lincoln teams. The J.V. team, composed only of ninth and tenth graders, made up in speed and fight what it lacked in height and experience. From the look of this year's J.V., future H.M.-Lincoln varsity teams should be of a good caliber. Although the J.V. did not win all of its games, it was never out-classed by any opposing team. The greatest point spread at the end of a single game was seven points.

The swimming team, this year, enjoyed one of the best seasons in its varsity history. It does not attribute its success to the ability of just one or two men but rather to the great versatility of all of its members. This season, the team boasted many swimmers who were proficient in a number of different strokes. The climax of the season came when H.M.-Lincoln swimmers were entered in four events for the A.A.P.S. final swimming championship meets. The mermen, despite a thoroughly victorious season, are looking forward to an even rosier future, as the core of the squad is composed of sophomores for whom "Chief" Gucker has great expectations.



...and this is how you use it!"

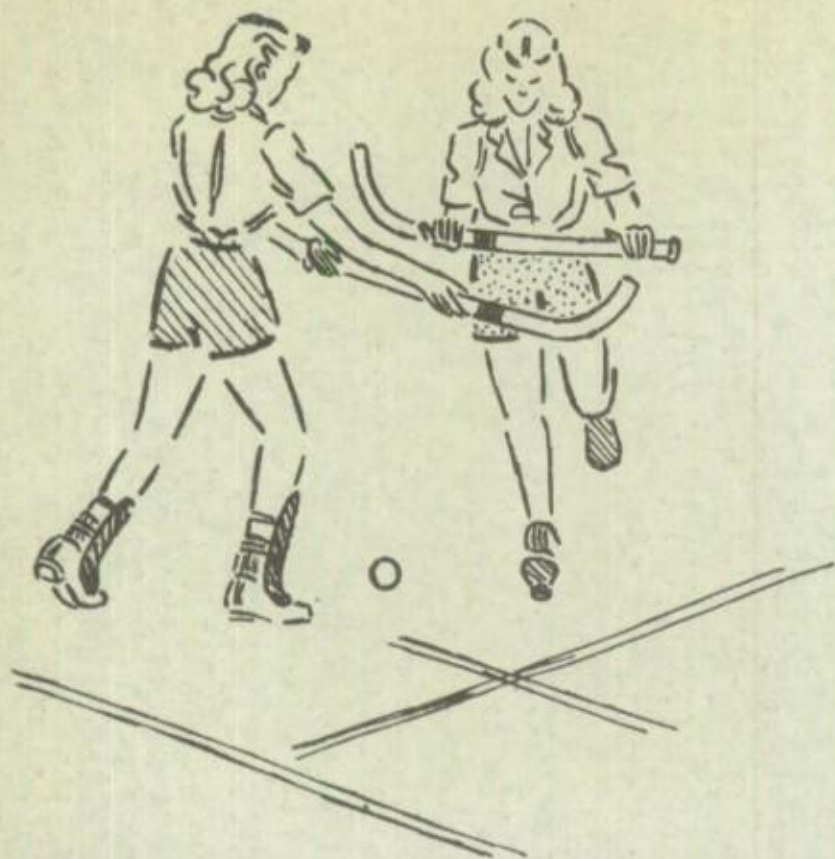


They're off!









Girls' Sports

The girls' hockey team began their season with an unusually large number of gaps left by last year's graduating class. In addition to this impediment, they were further handicapped by the fact that during the first two months of the season the aspiring team was coached by four different instructors. Each successive coach tried to perfect a separate method of playing field hockey. Although each method had much merit, the team tended to lack unity. It was not until the third game, when Captain Jane Hillis scored the two winning goals over Birch Wathen, that the girls began to play as a well organized team should. Lee Taylor won the unanimous praise of her fellow teammates for her able performance as goalie. However, each and every member of the hockey squad did her best to make the season a good one, and although the final tally was not an enviable one, happy times were had by all.

Volleyball, a new varsity sport at H.M.-Lincoln, was in full swing for the first time this fall. Last year's team consisted of a group of girls thoroughly



Combined operation

Could this be a foul?



Three power conference



heterogenous in ability and temperament, who banded together to form a team whenever a game was scheduled. This year, volleyball was made a regular varsity sport. Manager Ellie Meiss kept up a feverish correspondence with rival schools and Carol Ecker converted hazy hopes into realities by her able captainship of the team. Five games were played in all, only two of which were list. From a mere onlooker's point of view it appears that if future H.M.-Lincoln volleyball teams follow in the 1947-48ers' steps, volleyball will soon become the school's most popular sport among the spectators.

The 1948 girls' basketball squad had the ingredients of an excellent team. Last year's undefeated record was hard to live up to but the combined efforts of high-scoring forwards, and competent defensive guards, together with Mrs. Proctor's expert coaching and leadership, rendered H.M.-Lincoln an able varsity team. In spite of junior Carol Wagner, who held high scoring honors, and long-armed Ann Gurewich, backbone of the defense, the team's hopes for an undefeated season were shattered in mid-season by the much underrated Birch Wathen team. A heart breaking one-point loss to Fieldston was the only other defeat of the season.



The Junior Varsity basketball team followed almost the same pattern of victories and defeats as the Varsity. This year's squad included many unusually young members who, under Miss Bernstein's able coaching, have shown amazing progress in both poise and ability on the court. With Helen Dickenson and Carolyn Barrera's accurate shooting and all-around good guarding, the J.V. girls just escaped outshining their sister Varsity team.

This year H.M.-Lincoln offered a course which is rather unique in a secondary school - namely, a co-educational modern dancing class. It all started last year when a number of boys, curious to discover what went on behind the barred doors of the girls' gymnasium on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, obtained permission to participate in one of Miss Jones' exercise classes. The following day they were reported by "Chief" to be physically unfit for basketball practice and were seen limping about the school halls. This year, much to everyone's surprise, we found that droves of them had enrolled in both the exercise and creative classes for the entire season. After a few somewhat difficult hours which were disrupted by alternate groans and self-conscious snickers, Miss Jones' new proteges accustomed themselves to the usual hard work that accompanies modern dancing and amazed us all by quickly acquiring much coordination and grace. In the Thursday classes the boys showed much ability and taste in their original dance creations. The season was climaxed by a dance recital which was given for the student body, the parents, and a group of Teachers College observers. Ellen Riesenfeld, Helen Thomas, and Nancy Harrow stole the show with their excellent rendition of our old favorite, "Hong Hong Blues", and Levon Simsarian co-starred with Helen Thomas in "Country Style Dance".

In retrospect, the 1948 athletic season has been a satisfactory one for both the boys and girls of H.M.-Lincoln. Almost everyone has succeeded to some extent in mastering at least one phase of the school's athletic program. Student-faculty games have been successfully played off, and varsity and junior varsity letters have been awarded to an unusually large percent of the student body.



Unnh!





Classes



June

Swami and the Seventh Grade

Seventh Grade

On a bleak September day in 1947, the annual carnival was in full swing. In one of the bright booths a swami was seated before his crystal ball. A prominent science teacher sat across the table from him.

"I see many progressive happenings in the seventh grade at H.M.-Lincoln this year, Mr. Swift," said the swami.

"Great Pithecanthropus Erectus!" cried Swifty. "How did you know I taught there?"

"Here, look for yourself. It's all in my gold-fish bo--er - my crystal ball. I can see twenty-five students in your seventh grade."

"Let me look...Why, I see it all clearly," said the astonished Mr. Swift. "There are the committees...there's the first group of class officers: President Hayes Lamont, and Cynthia Hill, Louise Burton, and Bob Barth..."

"There's the second group," said the swami. "Michelle Striker is president, and Louise has been replaced by Audrey Zabriskie. Let's go on. Now I can see the teachers who are helping the seventh grade. There's Miss Woodburn, with the auburn hair, who is the social studies and language arts teacher. Look at your poor class slaving over the Middle Ages. There's Sara Seifert struggling through Mark Twain. The library is being raided by the Sevens during their research periods. Look at them squirm over percents, geometry, and algebra."





"May I see what they're doing in French?" asked Mr. Swift.

"The instructor is Mme. Costykian. The class will soon be able to speak French almost as well as they do pig-Latin."

"Why, look," cried Mr. Swift. "Miss Woodburn has disappeared."

"Of course," said the swami, with a knowing smile. "She has gone to the vast wastes of Canada, to the freezing cold near the Arctic Circle. Miss Dahl has taken her place. Look

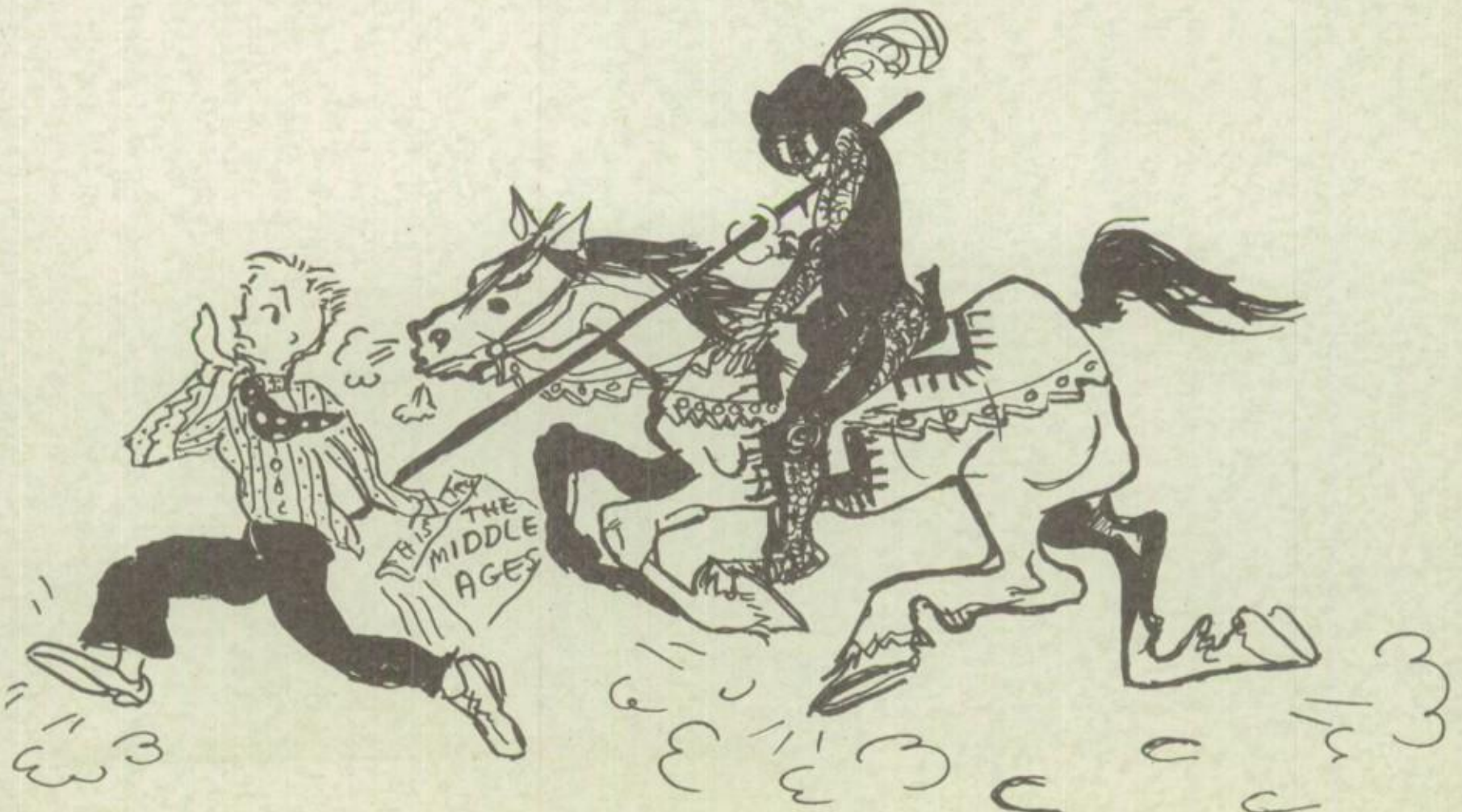
at that class discussion. Miss Dahl is talking...David is talking...Joan's talking...QUI-I-Y-E-T-T!"

"Doesn't the nurse's office look crowded?" mused Mr. Swift. "I wonder what's wrong. There are two seventh grade girls...three...Why, the place is full of them. It must be swimming day!"

"Do-re-mi! You see it's singing class now," said the swami.

"Your tone quality is delightful, but I really should go," said Swift. "I want to do some planning with the information you've given me."

"Just a minute," cried the swami. "I can show you the rest of the year in ten seconds with my new atomic attachment. I see the Sevens tripping the light fantastic at the Tuesday afternoon socials. There are Gwen and Jesse, and there are Betsy and Frank on the dance floor. There are our Council representatives, Francis, Daniel, Tom Legg, and Barbara Graham, working for seventh grade rights





Miss Eaton recommends a book.

"What should I do now, Miss Gauger?"



C. A. R. E.

"Its a boid."

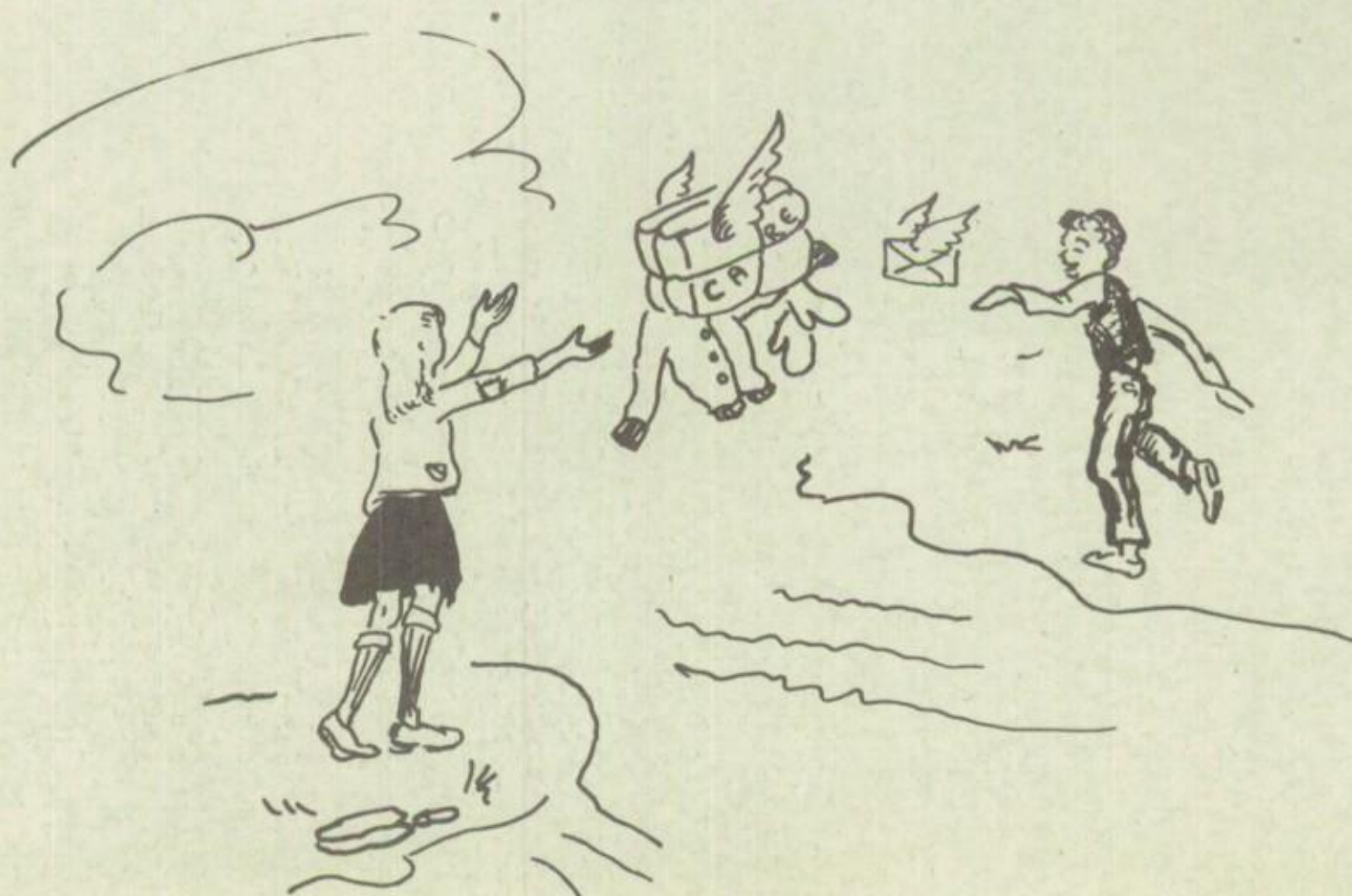




"And they lived happily ever after."

along with committee members Sally Williams, Marilyn Knight, Irene Armstrong, Jane Mencher, and Jane Barker. I see Bob Brown and Chi Li leaving for parts unknown. There are Jim Burrows and Beverly Hickman flashing pictures of the class. Through the whole year I see the words C.A.R.E., C.A.R.E., C.A.R.E.; the clothesline for Europe, the 'wardrobe plan', and your hundred-dollar goal. I see correspondence with France, too.

"I guess you'll have to go now," said the swami sadly. "The bowl is dimming. I hope all these good things come true."
And they did.



Eights of '48

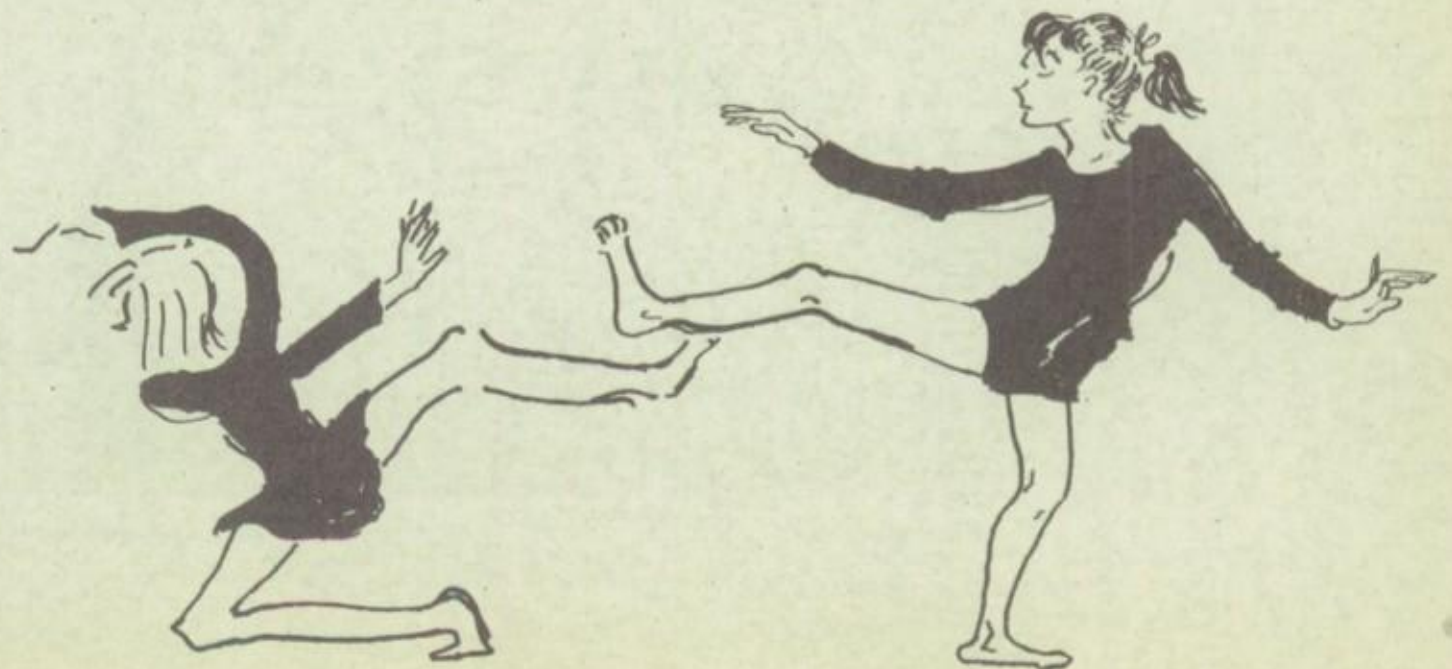
Eighth Grade

Our class is larger though smaller this year. "How?" you may ask. Use this formula: $45-14+2 = 33$. Let the 45 mean last year's class, 14 the people who left, and 2 mean Joan Ts'ai, who came in September from China via Oakland, California, and Tom Stowitts, who came in January from Virginia. Taking the 33 in one section instead of two, as we did with the 45 last year, we get a large but united group. We try to squeeze into room 314 for English and social studies, along with extra tables and chairs which we managed to round up from storage places throughout the building. The smaller class makes for a pleasant social life.

Under the direction of Miss O'Connell, we Eights are developing social graces by dancing with the Sevens on alternate Tuesdays. We have wonderful times playing games, jitterbugging, and waltzing around. Refreshments, which usually consist of punch and cookies, end our afternoons perfectly.

With equal delight we have spent many afternoons watching our undefeated boys' soccer team battle other schools. The girls also showed great zest in sports in the fall. Oranges triumphed over Blues, and eights beat Sixes and Sevens 6-0 in soccer. It was a successful season for all, despite battered shins and scarred legs. Our own unquenchable spirits are best expressed in Barry's parody on "A Wandering Minstrel":

*A Wandering Right-wing I-
A thing of shreds and patches,
Of scarred-up legs and scratches,
And only one idea in mind:
To kill the other guy
Before he can kill me,
But if in case he kills me,
Please bury me 'neath my goal,
Please bury me 'neath my goal,*



When Fall passed into Winter the girls turned to basketball and volleyball. Oh yes, on Thursdays forty-five minutes were spent in those fantastic acrobatics set to music known as "modern dancing".

In the Fall, too, we learned the meaning of the old axiom, "Variety is the spice of life." We certainly had variety in the different models, charts, and maps which we made during our social studies research into the colonial period in America. Their construction involved several hectic weeks of mixing paint, malodorous asbestos, and sawing wood. They ranged geographically from eastern Canada to Plymouth Colony to Georgia. They were made at the cost of innumerable arguments, despite the fact that co-operation was heavily stressed.

Along with Social Studies comes English. Our original stories really afford superb entertainment. When we remember Nicky Steiner's story about his project, it is always with a smile. Then, too, there was Suki's masterpiece which causes us to say, "Poor Oaky Tag!" when Oaky wails, "My wood pilp is having indegestion." Susan's advice on how to spend a quiet Saturday afternoon "brought down the house" along with Charlie's reading of some of his hilarious stories.

We cannot forget grammar while in this atmosphere; neither English, French, nor Spanish. It's the French that troubles most of us. We hope that with effort, we Eights will be talking like real Frenchmen and Spaniards soon. Although the languages are not free of difficulties, we always enjoy ourselves.



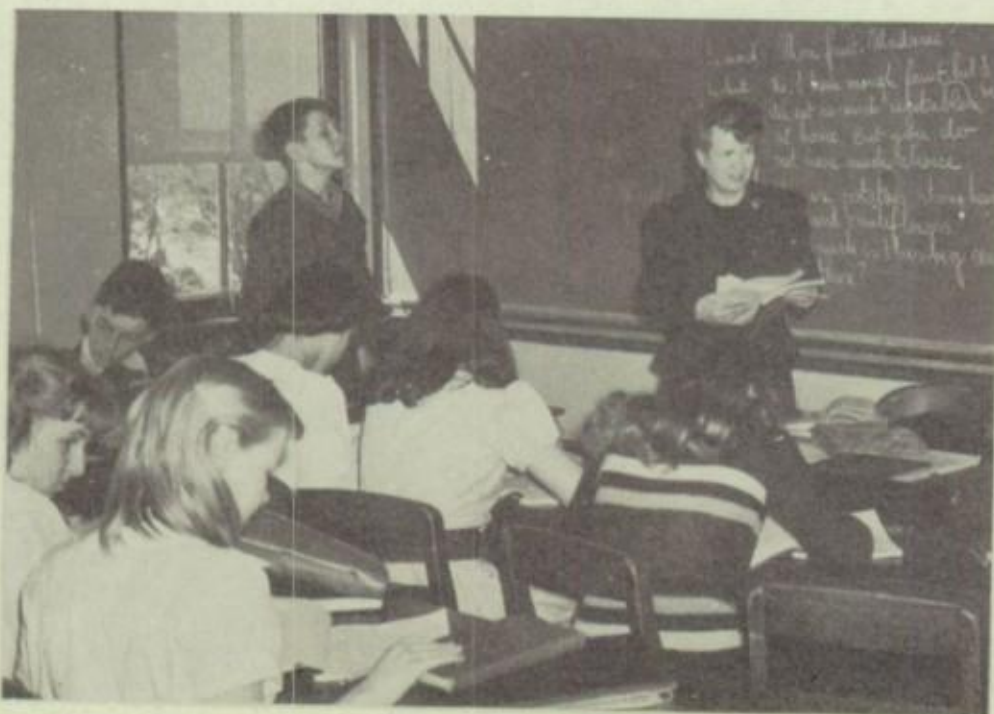


Eights "horsing" around at a party

Some of us take French and some of us take Spanish, but we all take science and mathematics. In science we have studied nutrition, in connection with which experiments were made on rats and guinea pigs. "Blondie", our "deficient-in-vitamin-C" pig, failed to live. An autopsy was ordered. The bloody-minded members of the class, especially Barry, Joel, and Jay, enjoyed this immensely. Many of the rest of us were there, but mostly from force of will. A study of the pig's body followed, and again those with the strongest stomachs triumphed.

Mathematics, they say, is an interesting subject. We find that statement only partially true. Here again, some members excelled either in their ability to argue with the teacher or in their genius in the subject. As we plod along, we think to ourselves "There's a lot we do not know."

Very popular are the classes in the arts. "Oh, the sewing machine, the sewing machine, my only pride and joy," chant the girls as they puncture themselves with needles trying to create "the new look". Lathes and saws buzz with activity as some of the Eights continue their acquaintance with the shop, while others, in the fine arts rooms, ponder over block prints, models in clay, and portraits of their companions.



Madame Browne giving instructions *en francais*.



Determined carpenters

Across the hall in the dark-room other portraits are perfected by those Fights in the Camera Club, a private club just for us. Its organization required David's determination, Madame Browne's cooperation, and Mr. Foshay's final consent, plus the assistance of Mr. Swift. At games and socials you can always see flashes from eighth grade cameras.

Decidedly photogenic was our homemade horse. Some people said it was out of proportion, but in our eyes it compared favorably with any other, even the Trojan one. With its help, we had a marvelous "Western" party in February, from which everyone departed with a full stomach and a happy heart.

And as we leave the eighth grade with mingled memories of merry doings, heavy books, social studies reports, and lunchroom antics, we still have happy hearts.



Mrs. Peller explains the complex theory of multiplication

Miss Bock makes English a pleasure



The Dwarfs' Dilemma

Ninth Grade

Once there were forty-five dwarfs who spent their days in attendance upon a group of giants. The giants and dwarfs worked together in a five-story red brick cave adjacent to a wooded park. In this cave there were many chambers in which the dwarfs discovered how to do all manner of things.

When they entered the cave in the morning, the dwarfs divided, each one going to his own chamber. Here their presence was carefully noted before they passed on to other chambers. This process of moving from chamber to chamber went on throughout each day.

In one chamber they were taught how to say strange words and to conjugate verbs. This was called "French". At first no dwarf knew *oui* from *non* and frequently a dwarf would mispronounce a word, sending the others into an uproar. "Elle portera un cheveaux (instead of "chapeau") demain," always made the giant chuckle unhappily and wonder if the dwarfs would ever learn to speak French.

The next chamber was small and dark. There another giant sat in the corner, hunched over a pile of test papers. In her hand was a long red stick with which she was coloring the papers. On certain days, the dwarfs seated themselves and, amid flying erases and pieces of chalk, learned to count with letters instead of numbers. This was difficult, because letters cannot be counted successfully on fingers.

Emerging from this chamber, the dwarfs entered another one, both larger and lighter, where their time was spent on "social studies". In neat, chronological order, the dwarfs learned what happened in the United States after 1812, during the Civil War, and in the years that followed it up to their own time, 1948. With a helpful, enthusiastic giant as a guide, the dwarfs discussed events, deliberated upon their meanings, and pondered their effects.

Then, in the dead of winter, when the snow was piled high around the cave, the dwarfs decided to give a play. First they read *Sing Out, Sweet Land!* and found that they liked it. Then followed two days of reading parts aloud--"trying-out" this is called--until the drama giant decided which character each dwarf could best portray. For three weeks all was confusion. The dwarfs and assisting giants rushed about rehearsing songs, scenes, and dances; and sewing costumes, painting scenery, and



pounding on boards. The walls resounded with the noise. After the final rehearsal and the last remark, "We can't get it all done!", the dwarfs performed for the younger dwarfs, the older dwarfs, and the parents of the dwarfs.

Alas, this had some bad effects! Some of the dwarfs became conceited. The giants, jealous of the compliments paid to the dwarfs, piled on cave-work as never before.

Once more the dwarfs swarmed into a chamber labeled "English". Here they wrote stories, essays, and "novels". After writing these things, the poor dwarfs had to read them to the class. Often the dwarfs would blush, stutter, and make foolish excuses before beginning to read. After the reading, the other dwarfs would jump on the composition like vultures on a fallen animal. They would criticize it and tear it apart. Sometimes, however, they liked it. Another thing everyone worked on was called "grammar". This was confusing, for the giant used complicated terms which only a few of the dwarfs seemed to understand. Hence, sometimes the dwarfs would chorus "What do we have to know?" Anyway, most of the dwarfs enjoyed the writing part of English.

The dwarfs were forced into quite different chambers at twelve-fifteen o'clock, just when they were getting hungry. In one great dark chamber, the boy dwarfs busily tortured themselves in a variety of ways. At times they forced themselves up ropes and pulled on horizontal bars. At other times, they threw balls at each other and tried to place them in a basket, with a hole in the bottom, which was high above their heads. They fought each other with sticks shaped like the letter L



Dwarfs at work

and tried to shove a little rubber disc across the floor. They even threw egg-shaped balls across fields and sometimes kicked round balls far up into the air. At intervals, the giants who were in charge of the tortures tried to drown the dwarfs in a large pool of water.

The female dwarfs followed much the same course as the male dwarfs, but their tortures were subtler. An added torment was a strange form of calisthenics called "modern dancing".

After this exercise, the ravenous dwarfs trooped down to their feeding chamber. They were a rowdy bunch, always getting scolded for laughing too much and not eating the right things. After their repast, the dwarfs climbed the stairs, and for the remainder of their lunch period, they argued politics, played bridge, and wandered about in the passages of the cave.

When the cave-work started again, the dwarfs went down to a well-lighted chamber which reeked of strange odors. There, all through the year, they were instructed in the use of strange powders and liquids. Learning of this sort was called "science". The dwarfs had a merry time with some of the apparatus.

A merry time, too, the dwarfs had in the arts chambers. Some learned how to knock a nail into a board without bending it. Others learned how to play with paints without coloring themselves. Still others made concoctions from organic substances, a process called "cooking". Indeed, the dwarfs spent many happy, busy days in the cave with the giants.

Unfortunately, there was an enemy tribe in a cave some blocks away. This cave was filled with crafty giants who wished to put an end to the activities within the red brick cave. The giants began to take actions which most of the dwarfs did not understand, and were therefore powerless to stop. The giants of the red brick cave tried hard ... but what happened to the giants and the dwarfs remains unknown. That makes this one of the few unfinished fairy tales in the history of mankind.



"I call your bluff!"



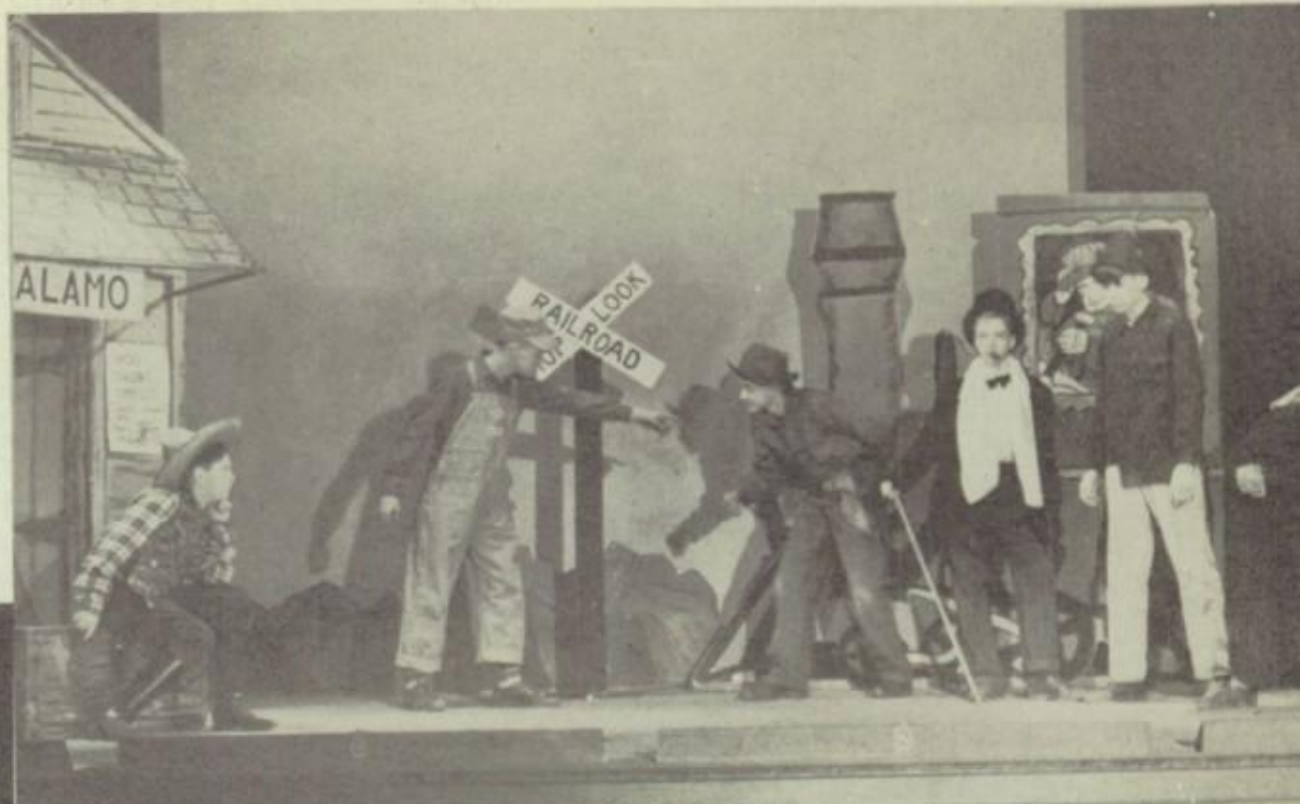
Mr. Greenlee generates in general science



Sing Out,



Sweet Land



Ballad of Nearing Goal

Tenth Grade

When school began in forty-four
The staff let out a cry,
For gathered there were all of us
To start in Junior High.
Sing Ho! for the class of '50.



We gave some rats deficiencies;
We learned what is in milk;
We burned materials to see
If they were wool or silk.
Sing pass the rat food, Nellie!

Midsummer's night the fairies danced
And stamped about the stage.
The boards were cracked, they groaned and sighed,
And joking was the rage.
Sing Ho! for the Jergen's Lotion.



We struggled through the eighth grade, too,
We filled our heads with maps,
And quoted Julius Caesar's words
Whene'er we op'ed our traps.
Sing Ho! for poetic license.

We heard the words of wisdom that
From Everett's lips did fall;
But one word from Miss Sweeney
Was better than them all,
Sing-I hate to be a policeman, but-





When we were Nines they taught us all
About the birds and bees;
We learned that babies come by stork
And do not grow on trees.
Sing Ho! for progressive education.



Sing ho! for our favorite pastime.

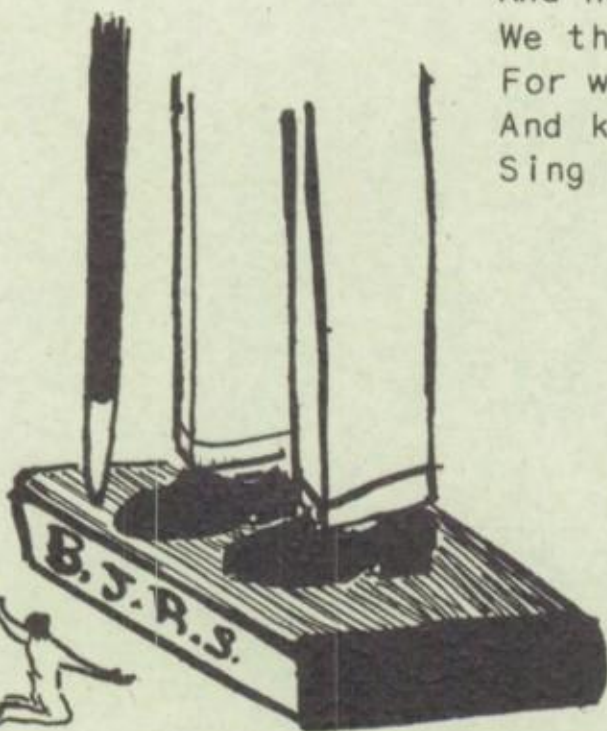


As butterflies and ants and bugs,
Again we donned our wings.
We missed our cues and sang off key
But no one saw such things.
Sing Ho! for the leotards.



Our boys were very good in sports,
And accurate in aim;
The glue pot hit the lady's head...
She's never been the same.
Sing Ho! for the wrath of Foshay.

And now we can smile back on what
We thought were troubled scenes,
For we have met BJRS
And know what trouble means.
Sing Ho! for God and Benjy.



We mutter things about a bus
At fifty-after-eight...
The heartless roll-call monitor
Just puts us down as late.
Sing "Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning!"



We dearly love our history class,
And always do our work.
In Bio, Spanish, French, and Math
We've ne'er been known to shirk.
Sing Mooooocoooo!



Could this be a vivarium?

Our study halls may not be just
The best that could be done,
But though they're not too silent
They're very student-run.
Sing sign me out to Lib.

When one mistake is made by all
The people in the class,
Our teachers start to realize
We do our work en masse.
Sing Ho! for cooperation.

In sports our boys are in the know
Of how to kick and bounce;
The girls have tied themselves in knots,
And never lost an ounce.
Sing Duck! here comes the ball.



Breaking down class barriers

At twenty-five to two the food
Rots in the Frigidaire,
But for us poor late-comers, just
The glass of milk, the glare.
Sing Ho! for stew tomorrow.

We'd like to thank our teachers all
For helping us come through.
We hope you will forgive us for
The things we've done to you.
Sing Ho! for patience and fortitude.

Our school has meant a lot to us,
And though we've had our fun,
We're sometimes very much surprised
At all the work we've done.
Sing Ho! for the class of '50.



"Let there be music."



"Be that as it may..."

"War" and "Peace"

Eleventh Grade

The "glob of time", Monte Carlo, Berger scrapping Old Ironsides, *Crime and Punishment*, personal crimes and punishments, two-way psychoanalysis, Duncan and the gals manning our teams, Donchian and Yale, White turning Campbell in the middle of our movie, those..uh..helpful student teachers...OUR YEAR.

The year started with Mr. Berger informing us that we were to have no homeroom, no English, no social studies, no class meetings - just oceans and oceans of Core. This worked out very nicely until Friday morning when we wanted to know what that extra period was to be called if not class meeting. The "glob of time", we were told.

Everyone turned out for our first class party. Monte Carlo was the theme. It was a close race between Krafty Kaufman and chic, fascinating Peter Donchian for the jackpot. The food was wonderful.

Since we were reading Tolstoy's *War and Peace* we decided to see Dostoyevsky's *Crime and Punishment* as a comparison of Russian writers. Certain bright characters thought that we had better drama in our own classrooms.

Dunkin' Osborne, talented class natator, had an undefeated record in swimming. You couldn't beat Steefel, Williams and Wagner, girl's Varsity sparkplugs, either.

In Mr. Donchian we had a staunch Yale rooter. On Fridays when *Highlights* would return from the printers he would comment, "Ah, well, those linotypists are only Harvard men."

We were told that it was tradition to spend at least \$60 on the Junior-Senior dance. Since we held the purse strings, we tried hard to cut down the decorations



Almost everybody listens to Mr. Donchian



Mr. Berger guides a planning committee meeting.

and economize on lighting. To compensate for the deficit, Ed Horowitz suggested that Morty Zolotow hock his jacket.

Beyond the bounds of Core, some of us were precocious. Joel, Noel, and the Eddies - Prenowitz and Rock - forged ahead in calculus and nuclear physics. We had several advanced language students. We won't easily forget Mr. Mirick's N.Y. Central railroad ride, Mr. Hunter's cockroach class, or Mr. Donchian and his struggle for democracy in the classroom.

In February we took over *Highlights*. With Pat as guiding light, Mark and Muni as right and left hand men, the issues started rolling along. Carl Wagner found his element as feature editor. All of our budding journalists appreciated the paper.

Mr. Adkins let the cat out of the bag about Miss White. So it was not a complete surprise when she returned from a week's vacation with M.W.C. on her handbag.

Among the student teachers, we had McConnell, a long drink of water with hay on top, who thinks that capitalism is just a form of socialism; Bowler, who has had previous experience with Mr. Berger; and Mr. Donchian's Impola, who tactfully owns a Modern Library edition of *War and Peace*.

Then it came! Through the doors, through the windows, through Donchian and Berger; it saturated homerooms, classrooms, Core, even the "glob of time". Script writing, more writing and rewriting --- the movie! The big question: *Who is photogenic?*



The candlestick maker

The movie's purpose was to illustrate, to teachers, the process of cooperative planning. Its effects and results were many. Our planning committees and evaluation techniques, used effectively throughout the year, were now tested in practice. In a sense *we* were being tested, for the whole method of planning this movie involved our ability to cooperate.

Lights - action - camera! --- Glamour. The idea was attractive, but there was real work involved. We were an ambitious group, out to make a first rate movie, a movie with a point. But hold on! What did we know? Script writing, editing, camera techniques and movie makeup were all foreign to us. We had to start somewhere, so we set up a steering committee. The library and the arts and music departments served as excellent resources for background material that none of us had and all of us needed.



Technological employment



Creative expression

We weren't too sure where to begin, but by the following Monday, every individual had written his ideas in the form of a script. These were incorporated and boiled down until we finally had two scripts. We presented them to the Institute (Horace Mann-Lincoln Institute for School Experimentation). They selected one script, but when we finished rewriting it, we found that it was a combination of the two. More rehashing by the writing committee followed. Lighting, make-up, art, and technical committees were a vital part of the production. The publications committee mimeographed the entire job.

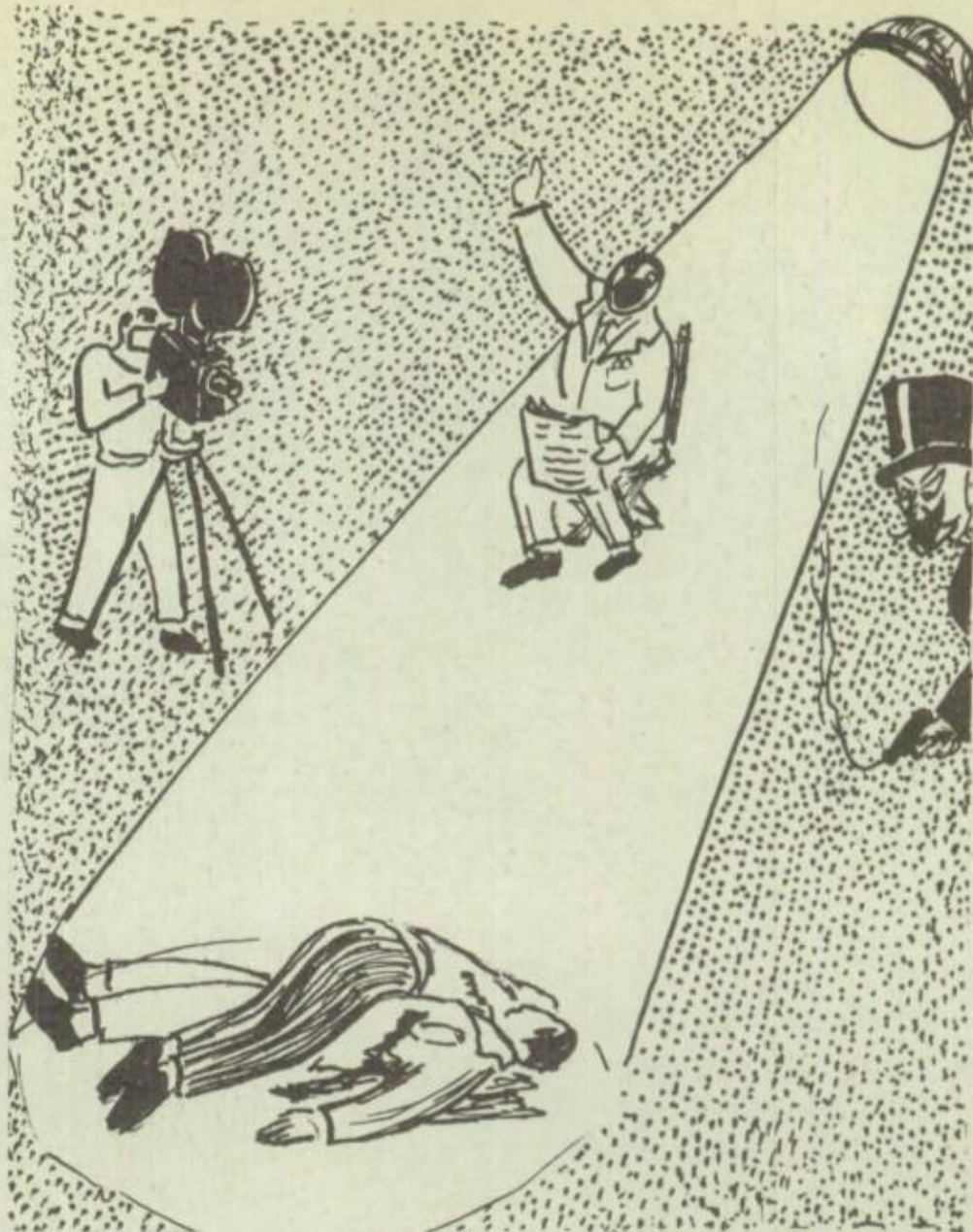


Film conference: Mrs. Campbell reserves judgement

The problem of a title perplexed us all. "The Brick Menagerie", "How Green Was My Planning", were several that were suggested. Our movie was successful. We not only produced a good movie but a better class, better in capabilities and cooperative spirit.

As the year ends, it is not easy for us to realize that it is our final year at HM-L. "Whanne that Aprille..." undigested planning-committee lunches, and grueling two-way evaluation sessions with psychiatrists Donchian and Berger will be difficult to forget.

We like to think of the new school as the old Horace Mann-Lincoln. Even though it will continue in the Lincoln spirit and tradition without us, we will be with it in thought.



"I wrote the script, did the acting, and most of the directing."



"Oh, no, Mr. Anderson!"







Seniors

Once upon a time...

Once upon a time, long enough ago so that most of us do not remember it very well, thirty-six chubby little boys and girls were being hurried to their first day of school. Some of them were reluctant, some eager for new adventure, but none of them could foresee the varied experiences that would unfold in the years ahead.

Twelve of these kindergarteners entered the hallowed halls of a brownstone building on 120th Street and Broadway; the other twenty-four were led or pulled toward an impressive school three blocks away on 123rd Street, and the fact that one was the Horace Mann School and the other the Lincoln School made little difference to these young scholars. They played and learned, skipped and squabbled, "experimenting" and "demonstrating" with equal ease and equanimity.

That was the beginning of the class of 1948. At Lincoln and at Horace Mann, the young members of this class grew and learned. Before they knew it, they were facing long division and the big responsibilities of sixth grade, but there was something even more important than school work to concern them. At home their parents were discussing a lawsuit with Teachers College, a case that if won by Teachers College would bring about the merger of the Horace Mann and Lincoln Schools. What would happen to these aspiring sixth graders? Where would they go to high school? Rivalry had been keen between the two sister schools, and when the court decision on the lawsuit came in favor of Teachers College, everyone wondered what would happen on the heights above the Hudson when seventh grade met the next fall.

Of the thirty-six original cherubs who had braved the portals of progressive education eight or nine years before, many had joined another Alma Mater, but those who remained were loyal to their respective schools and awaited with some trepidation the beginning of a new era.



It is a sparkling September morning. We rather shyly peer through the heavy front doors and see an impressive sign which reads: SEVENTH GRADE -- Room 410. How strange it seems to be no longer children but high school students! With surer steps we make our way through the throngs of new faces, flounder through introductions and, in 410, finally settle down to Miss Sweeney and China.

We get along far better than anyone had expected. Under the influence of Mrs. Thieme's intoxicating smile, we stagger through seventh grade grammar. One of the girls unwittingly admits that she knows parliamentary procedure and is immediately elected president of the seventh grade. High school is wonderful except that no one notices us much. *Highlights* gives us but a line here and there, and the almighty seniors barely glance our way. Never mind, we have real program cards and a few of us even take foreign languages. Echoes of "si, si" and "oui, oui" float down from the fifth floor, along with the girls' hockey sticks and the boys' newly labeled sweat pants. We boys had thought that high school meant varsity athletics but all we do is run and run and RUN in the park. We have to roll the playground too.

At Teachers College we have dancing classes. We sip watery punch, by courtesy of our ever-watchful parents, while romance buds in the five-year-old kindergarden chairs. Our ventures into high society are limited, though, for Miss Reynold's graphs and airplanes occupy the time of many of us, while others visit Dr. Brown up on the fourth floor, or chat cosily with Mr. Elkins about "our friends the beavers." At the other end of the fourth floor hall, we prepare for the climax of our year, the great Chinese pageant. As representatives of the Orient, we make our high school dramatic debut and a reputation which precedes us into the eighth grade.

Back to 410 and the familiar faces of Mrs. Thieme and Miss Sweeney, but instead of China we're going to study our own country this year. Since English is part of the eighth grade core course, we write stories about the Pilgrims, and some of them are actually accepted by the *Lorette*. While exploring the science laboratory, Rona picks up the soldering iron by the wrong end; but, in the art room, she recovers sufficiently to throw a mop at unlucky Bob Chabon. The rest of us concentrate on composing variations on "Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum". It is wartime now, and we have "surprise" air raid drills with "Chief" and Miss Robins pacing up and down as we welcome the brief rest from our studies. On the fifth floor, we are more actively concerned over our private feud between French and Spanish classes.

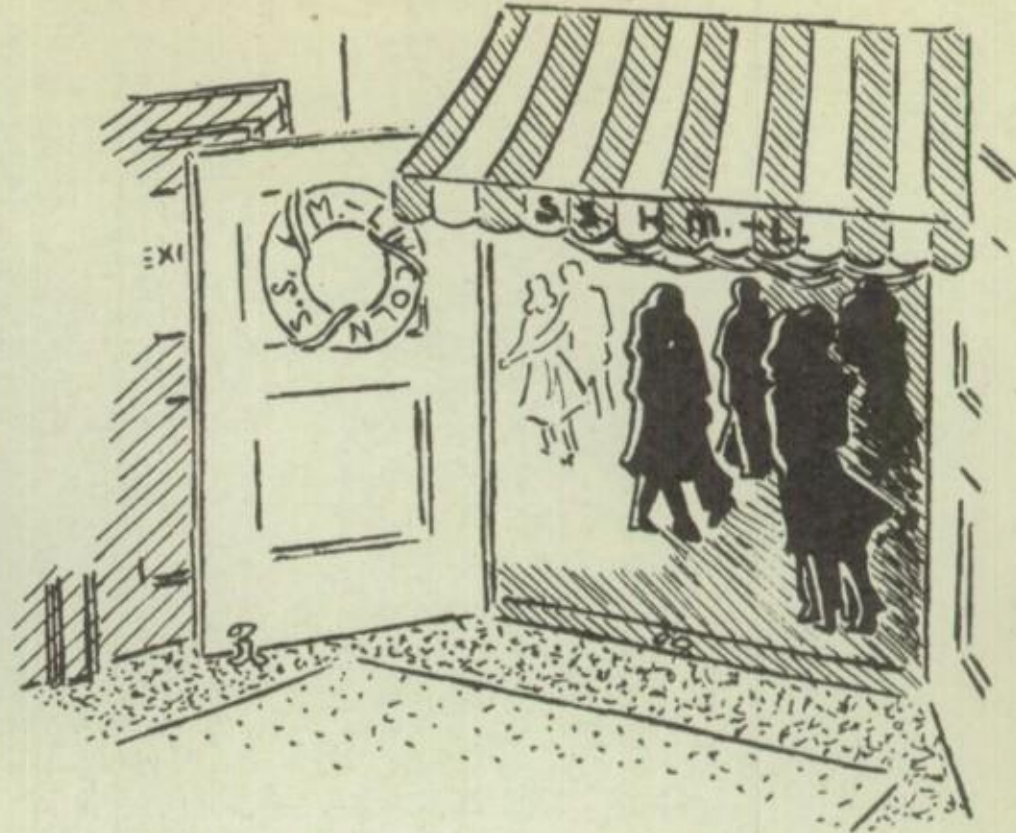
Plato makes beautiful maps and we all write ten, twenty, thirty, forty, NO! YES! fifty-page reports for social studies. During activities periods we sing, sew, saw, and snore according to our particular whims. Some of us get a little out of hand and flood the girls' locker room, marooning an innocent bystander on top of the lockers. In spite of the lunch room epidemic, the girls take part in the big modern dance recital in Thompson gym while the boys are put through a rugged course in commando tactics. They will soon be prepared to defend the country if a crisis arises. Rifling the girls' precious new pocketbooks gives them ample practice in frisking the enemy. So romantic!

So we keep busy until spring, when suddenly the French class claims everyone's attention as over-enthusiastic Luke pushes Senior Richard Ripin over the footlights with a dramatic sweep of her arm in the production, "L'Oiseau Bleu." Nevertheless the show is a smash success. Orchids for Madame Browne, and so adieu, adieu, to the eighth grade. We are all a little subdued and ever so much the wiser now.

Ninth grade is a "rush" year, we find, for membership into senior high school. Each girl is secretly dreaming of her smash debut at the Commencement



We pause for intellectual enrichment.



dance and the boys fancy that they are destined soon to be covered with varsity letters. We are quite convinced by Miss Stewart that the only way to learn is by doing. Consequently we spend a great deal of time visiting valve, ball bearing, and woven label factories, exploring breweries and bakeries, and getting lost in the subway. Spoils from our academic plundering include strings of labels, no beer or valves or bearings but lots of chocolate ice cream, chewing gum, half a doughnut, and sheaves of notes! We thoroughly explore an automobile chassis with Mr. Walters and, under Mrs. Wood's able eye, write tremendously long accounts of our comparatively short lives. Life has, indeed, taken on more serious proportions.

This seems to be the season for astronomical feats, for no sooner do we put the finishing touches on our autobiographies than we are plunged into the uncertain task of writing and producing our own version of *John Brown's Body*. If the song, "O Lordy Jesus", is not destined for posterity, the stubborn traces of shoe polish and Whitney's precocious beard are sure to be. In the meantime, Levon, stricken with amnesia is seen wandering about the halls asking people who he is. Miss Logan is pleasantly surprised on her birthday by our gift of a chartreuse (her favorite color) birthday cake, and our algebra teacher, Mr. Narotsky, is discovered selling apples at a Columbia football game. However, the most livid scandal of the year is the sudden, but not very mysterious, appearance of lipstick traces all over the lockers, heralding Miss Stewart's love for Mr. Walters. A fairly large proportion of the class is reprimanded and we prepare to settle down to some studious conduct. During the lull that that results, Dotty Lieber silently slips out of our ranks and into the University of Chicago.

This is a year of high ups and subterranean downs. Not only will this year be memorable to us as ninth graders at Horace Mann-Lincoln, but it will be remembered by people all over the world as the end of an era. The death of President Roosevelt early in the spring makes us very conscious of the fact that we have never known any other president. Few of us will be able to forget the strangely silent assembly in which Jay Meltzer read "O Captain, My Captain."

We put new energy into our service drives and devote long hours to work at the Manhattanville nursery. The new additions to the class have proved themselves to be invaluable assets. After planting our Manhattanville garden, we crash the gates of senior high at our first Commencement dance, where we dutifully shed a few tears for the departing seniors. We have at last succumbed

to Miss Stewart's tireless war against cliques and, in doing so, have become a happier and more productive group. Even so, we tremble for the next year, when we will be tenth graders.

As brand new sophomores, sitting in humble awe of Mr. Stolper's oratory and Mr. Farmer's inexhaustible reserve of facts, we realize that last spring's trembling was more than justified. Our frantic searches for the all too rare references on Norwegian history frustrate us early in the year; and the class treasury is soon reported to be in the red. "Hasn't anyone seen Shepherd's Atlas lately?" After a rather jerky start, we finally settle down to the serious business of producing *Macbeth*. Martha Jean, in her plunging neckline, models the future styles; Allan and beard become synonymous with Macbeth; while Macduff clanks around in a coat of mail. "Lay on, Macduff!"

Under the Harvest Moon, we shyly make our first senior high love and romantically discuss the frog which we have recently dissected in biology class. In the daylight hours, though, we reincarnate Janice and Geoffrey, brain-children of our unique core-course instructors, and we prove our great ability to depict seventeenth century English life. According to Peter, it was just one dark stormy night after another.

Our lives are becoming more and more hectic. Pat Simon is carried limp from coed gym with a broken leg, and there are only five months left to write our Fascist-Freeman (alias *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*) poems. Miss Russell's mathematics class is "Heaven Sent" when Jean douses an unsuspecting classmate with a five-dollar bottle of perfume. Miss Muller confounds us all when she "goes to the movies when the stars are out" (conversely) with every boy in the class. Meanwhile, the girls scratch and squabble over dates for the Girls' Drag.

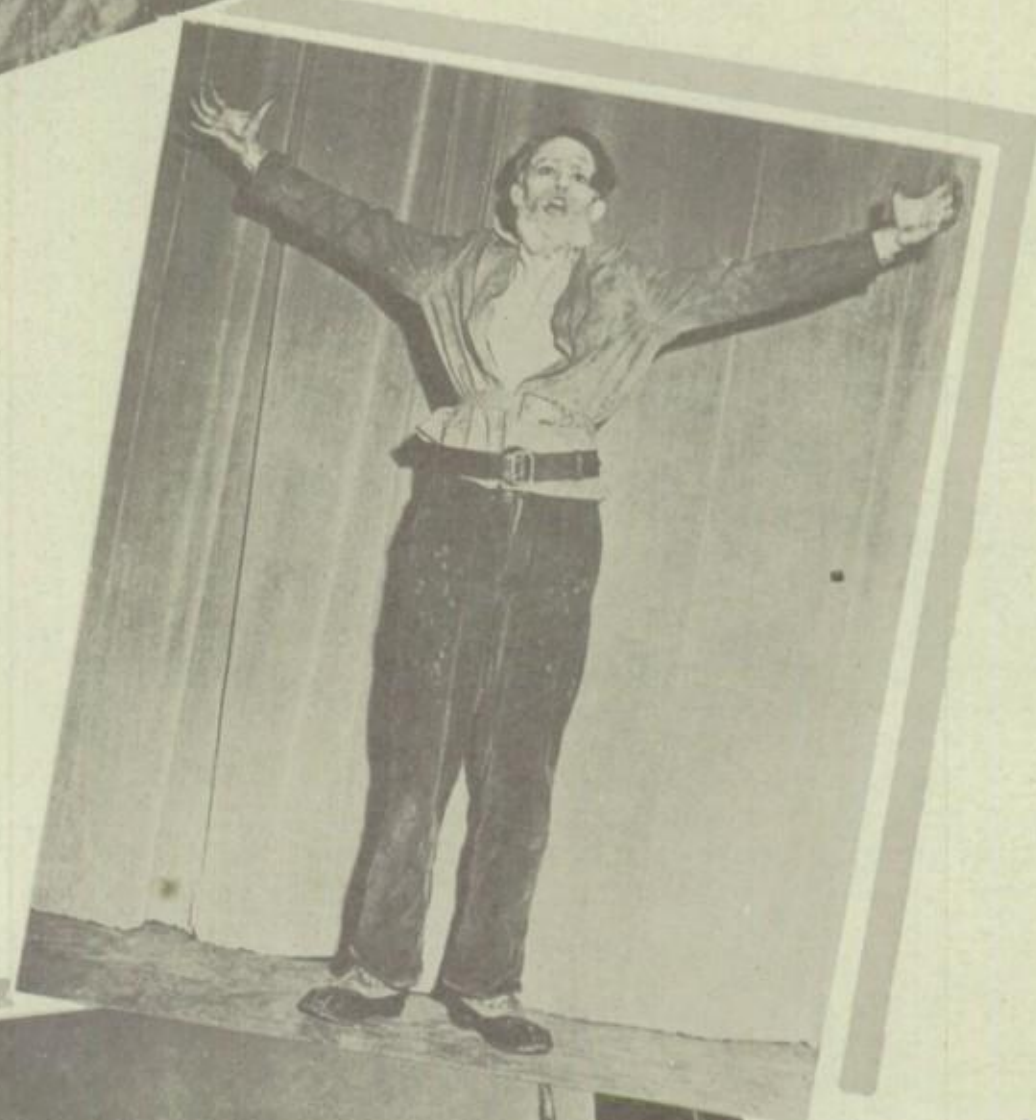
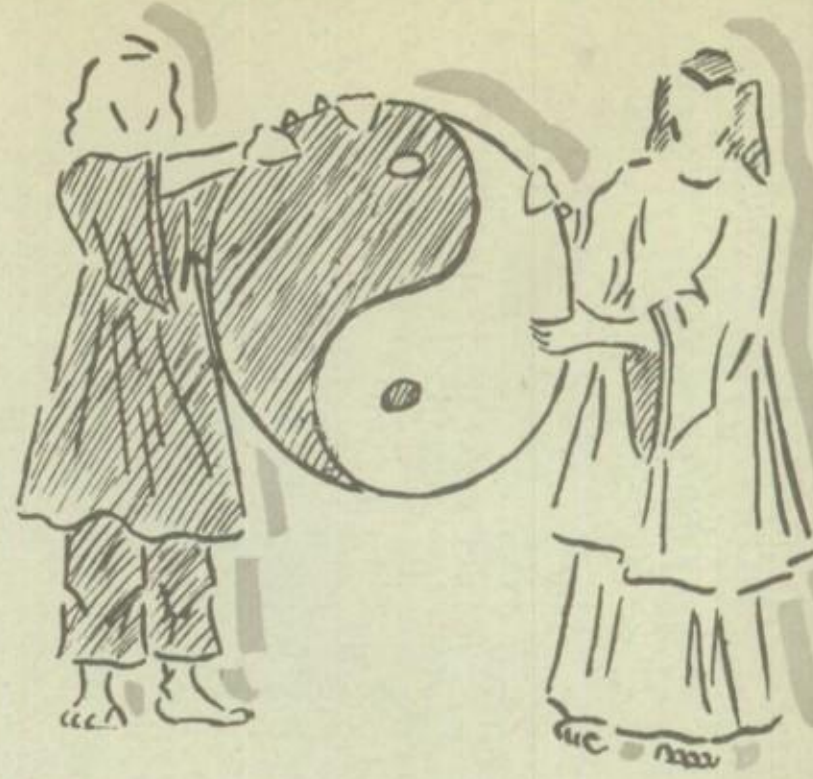
Margy understudies the lead in the all-school production *High and Wide*, Jon pounds away on "de bigga bass drum", and the entire class records for posterity on unbreakable records. We are beginning to wonder what the D.C.F.M.O. had last year that it doesn't have this year; for, now that we don't have to sneak in illegally, we have lost a good deal of interest in its Saturday night functions. Three members of the biology class finally succeed in hatching one lonely chick and proudly name it April. To their dismay, April turns out to be a mere rooster, but Mr. Mitchell manages to bear the blow like a true scientist and sends birthday cards as compensation to each and every member of the class.

Class meetings are really exciting nowadays. We are still revising our class constitution because, as Ernest says, "There is no provisional clause for the adjournment of confabulations at which the necessary quorum for the passing of motions has temporarily absented itself." Meanwhile, Mr. Stolper is graciously handing out lollipops to the winning editors of those infamous Whig and Tory journals, *The Scarlet Sentinel* and *Freedom's Forge*. Carol and Jean coordinate under a horse at the fashion show, one of our many class parties at which the electricity is undependable. Speaking of horses, Dark Horse Bilby emerges victorious in the vice-presidential elections and thereby assumes the terrible responsibility of student-run study halls.

The Fascist-Freeman poems are finally due and many sophomore parents, with Roget's Thesaurus at one hand, a rhyming dictionary at the other, and a groggy child in the center, are burning the midnight oil. John Milton had five years to write his poems! But we finally entrust our work to the capable hands of Stolper and Co., Ltd., and skip happily off to the annual field meet, where it rains as usual, and our orange and blue streamers run. After hasty-



Accord and disaccord.







ly scrubbing off the indelible dye, we dance out the school year at the school year at the Commencement Prom, and bid a tearful good-bye to a devastatingly large proportion of the class who are leaving because of the threatened closing of the school.

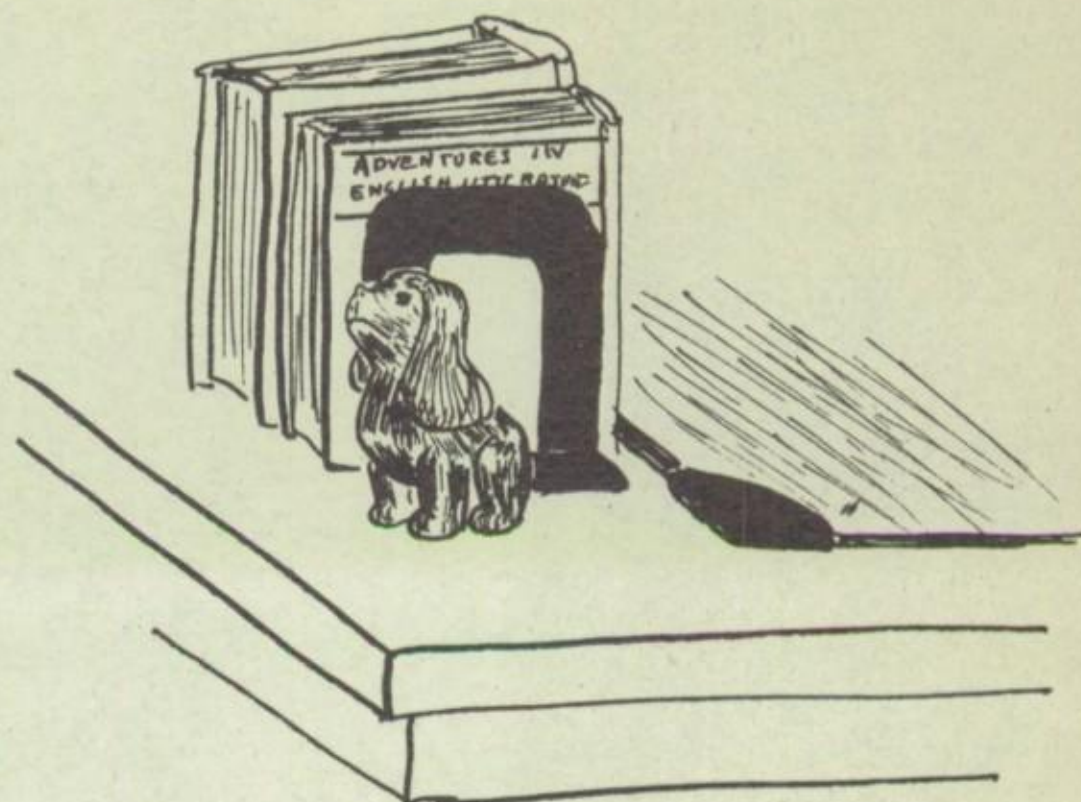
As cocky new juniors we exchange summer reminiscences at the usual pre-school class party and, after surveying the new teachers, decide to withhold judgment pending their behavior in the classroom. The following Monday morning we discover that we are annexed. As we slowly climb the twenty-four steps from the third to the fourth floors, Mr. Donchian and Mr. Berger ascend sedately in the self-service elevator. Sedately? When we reach our assigned

rooms, we are startled by Mr. Berger's airy sandals, scandalous ties, and long lists of criteria. Our composure is further shattered by rude spirit knockings from the adjoining room, where we find Mr. Donchian tacking up news items. We soon fall in step with the core agenda however, and become accustomed to the idea that Monday mornings are to be forever haunted by short news quizzes. During the ensuing weeks, we struggle with "5x8's" and carefully draw charts showing an embattled "YOU" being attacked by advertising, radio, and similar media of communication. Downstairs, in the main building, we tearfully seek Miss Wood's kind solace and wise advice on algebraic equations, college boards, and education in general.

As juniors, dutifully trudging, chapter by chapter, through Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, we are able to find less and less time for our usual pranks. We memorize a little Shelley and Chaucer and each take our turn behind the rostrum to deliver a speech. On the extra-curricular side, we Elevens have our fingers in practically every pie. When we are not putting out the literary magazine, *Script*, or competing for positions on the *Highlights* staff; when we are not being X-rayed for T.B. or mastering the art of "progressive relaxation" under the watchful eye of Mr. Berger; when we are not attending the HM-L Success Course or are not busy rehearsing local talent for the Thursday morning Hour of Charm - we're engrossed in the all-school production of *Knickerbocker Holiday*. Peter has his night at impersonating the dangling hero, while Whit (in evident pain) stumps about the halls on a peg leg, "just for practice".

The year is progressing smoothly. We have slowly acclimated ourselves to student-teacher evaluation, planning committees, and moratorium discussions, and have finally settled down to a period of hard work on Modern European history. Three sections of the class, all striving for a single end, tackle the subject from three different angles, but all ultimately arrive at the point where they feel a need for self-expression. Accordingly, we present *Shadow on the Earth*, a play that is unique in its interpretation of the "cultural lag". Each of us discovers latent talent as stage hands become actors, musicians become stage hands, and varsity lettermen trip the light fantastic. As the curtain is lowered for the last time on what will probably prove to be the acme of our stage careers, we feel that we have learned a great deal from the experience.

Having hardly wiped the grease from behind our ears and pulled the splinters out of our fingers, we start writing research papers, complete with annotated bibliographies and copious footnotes. Winding up the year, we practice three-way evaluation upon not only ourselves but upon our good friends (by now) Don and Pete. Pierre is elected president of the school, we determinedly track down the last shy senior for an autograph, and bid farewell to a superb set of teachers at the last class party.



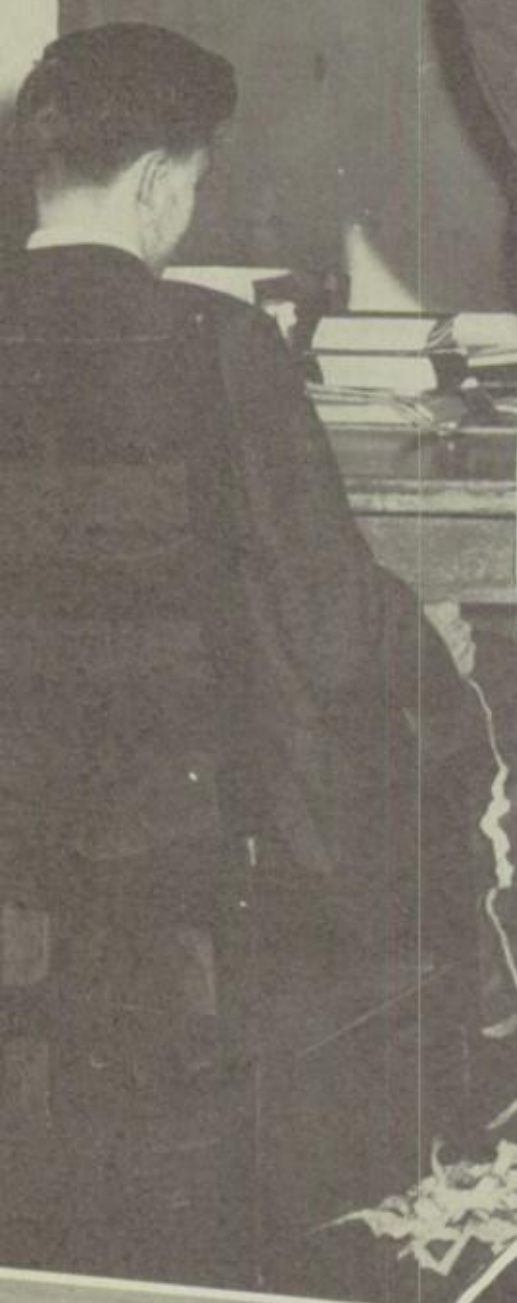
After everyone else has left for cool vacation goounds, we find ourselves idly thumbing through the *Johnson O'Connor English Vocabulary Builder* between mathematics review classes. We thank our lucky stars for so wonderful a mathematics teacher (and general consultant) as Miss Wood, but even she can do nothing to prevent that terrible Saturday morning at College Board headquarters from finally rolling around. Afterwards, most of us are convinced of our ignorance, but we don't let on. We're almost seniors and have a learned reputation to uphold.

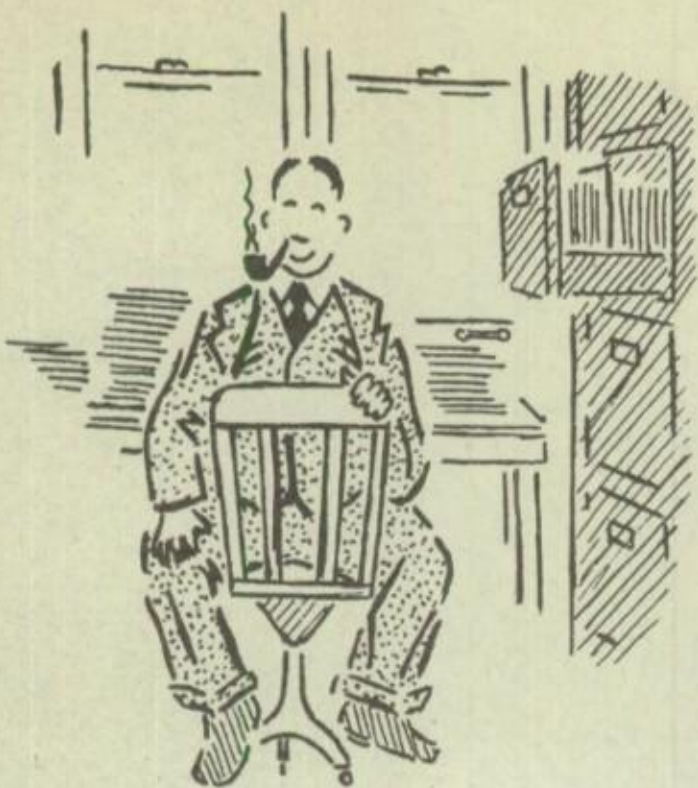
"Hiya, Senior!" As we pause for a minute under the big sign over the front door, each of us feels pleasant tinglings of anticipation. Upstairs, at the annual pre-school class party, the class of 1948 listens enthralled to tales of far-away scenes of summer adventure while the dance music blares away unused. The reminiscing is at last interrupted by the presentation, to our new principal, Mr. Redmond, of a three-foot pen and pencil set with which to sign our diplomas. We are incurably optimistic!

Classes commence the following Monday and we soon learn that Miss Daringer's English course lives up to its reputation for endless composition assignments. Our Sunday evenings become nightmarish as we struggle over the wise words of Lecomte de Noüy and Jacques Barzin. After several weeks of chaos, we begin to wish that Mr. Knight were not such an enthusiast for community planning, though we enjoy hearing our planning committee meetings being played back on the wire recorder. The hardy souls who are attending Mme. Browne's French class and/or Mr. Mirick's senior mathematics have the sincere sympathy of their classmates, while everyone who is not under Mr. Stolper's World Literature spell wishes he or she were.

The year's first assembly brings all our committee-chairman comrades into the public eye, the first Council meeting is ably presided over by Pierre Epstein, and at the first class meeting, we elect Roger Feldman president of the senior class. Class meetings are more interesting this year, with the yearbook, parties, and Commencement constantly on the agenda. The yearbook, through that amazing medium of communication--advertising--secretly accumulates more money than is allowed by







the faculty; while in the other half of the publications office (everything is a little crowded this year because of an invasion of T.C. optometrists), Bob Block hangs a handsome picture of himself on the wall and proceeds to edit *Highlights*.

The already worn path to Mr. Mirick's office is deepened a little more when we begin getting college applications filled out. While waiting for appointments, we marvel at the surrounding piles of South American pamphlets and speculate upon the contents of massive files which are rumored to contain all our eighth grade indiscretions listed in alphabetical order. Somewhere in the maze, Mr. Mirick loses our names. Even "Killer" Ernest, who inherited his title from Chuck Krasne after innocently knocking Plato unconscious on the soccer field, goes anonymously to the great college consultant.

Before we realize it, Miss Baker has left the music department for Elizabeth, New Jersey, some of us have suffered through another Scholastic Aptitude Test, and we are singing carols at the Christmas assembly for the last time. Another "last time" comes when we dance away the night at the gay Christmas formal and then go home for a much-needed vacation.

Without having acquired much extra sleep, we struggle back to school through the remains of the Great Snow of '47, most of us still a little groggy from New Year's celebrations. We have outdone ourselves ushering in 1948, for, after all, it is our historic year. Fourteen years is a long time to wait for the distinction of having an education and a piece



"He spoke at Vassar in 1929!"



Powers models at Chidnoff.

of parchment to store among the family archives, and now we are almost within reach of that parchment. Unfortunately, research papers, projects, Achievement tests, and those all-important A's, B+'s, C-'s, and "unspeakables" still lie between us and our goal. We frantically perform physics and chemistry experiments which come off successfully except in the science assembly, digest miles of Spanish and French vocabulary, hunt for the perfect topic sentence and the unsolvable equation. We skim madly through "vitalized" American histories and "visualized internal technocracy", and finally come up with four or five doubtful little letters as mid-year marks. Mr. Mirick still appears hopeful about college.

Up in the gymnasium, we temporarily "relax" under Miss Jones' tutelage. Co-educational modern dancing is a new wrinkle and highly acceptable to the boys, though they suffer "morning after" stiffness for the privilege of cavorting on their toes with the ladies. Those who are less light of foot take such prosaic courses as tumbling, volleyball, basketball and swimming.

Several months before the most important date in a 'Lincoln lady's calendar, the girls take a memorable gym period off in order to conduct a highly remunerative auction, the proceeds of which go to the March of Dimes campaign. Offered for sale are rare and high-priced dates for the annual Girls' Drag. Senior boys fidget away the afternoon, wondering whose vegetable corsage they will be supporting at the dance.



"Sí, señora Michelmores, pero es que..."



"Oui, Madame Fortier, mais..."



Mr. Schaefer, who quietly arrives in January to take over the social studies classes when the government claims Mr. Knight, has us all working hard in preparation for examinations and college. Long research papers loom close for science students and trips, movies, and all manner of other projects keep us in a perpetual whirl. The yearbook is rushed to press, *Highlights* is relinquished to capable eleventh grade hands, and the committee chairmen choose their fortunate successors. The school under Teachers College is definitely closing its doors behind our class, only to open again in new surroundings and with greater independence next year. We begin to feel our grasp on school life slipping as elections are held for new school officers and acceptances from colleges begin to filter in.

The past few weeks have been hectic ones, with farewell parties, the field meet, Commencement plans, and a constant barrage of lower classmen who want their yearbooks autographed. We have hardly had time to think back over the years to that time long ago when we started to school. The first days of tears and scratches, the first struggles with reading and arithmetic are but a vague memory now, and soon Commencement, our classmates, and school itself will be but memories. We shall be the only class ever to go all the way through the Horace Mann-Lincoln High School under Teachers College, but history will not pay much attention to us for that. Only perhaps some of our grandchildren who come across this book when they are cleaning the closet on a rainy day will learn that the class of 1948 went to high school...once upon a time.

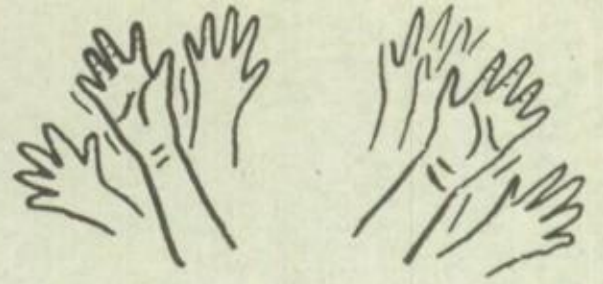






DAVID ABRAHAMS:

To love oneself is the beginning of a life-long romance.



ELLIN BACHRACH:

Fun and Fancy Free



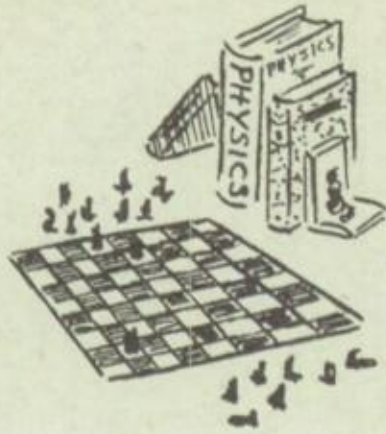
MARGARET BARACH:

My rocking horse ran away.



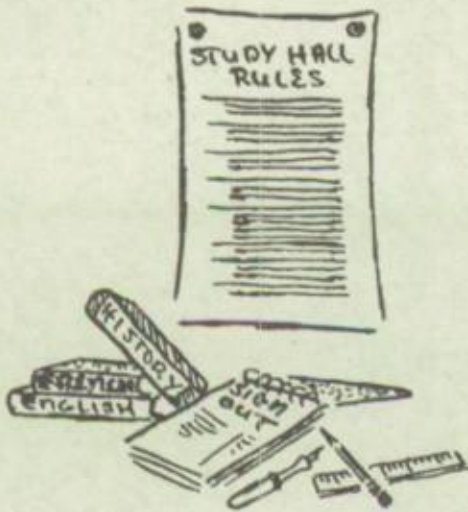
ERNEST W. BERGEL:

The seeds of punning lie in
every man,
But spring to flower only in
great genius.



JEANNE BILBY:

Calm soul! Of all things make
it mine.



ELIZABETH S. BLAKE

Consider her ways and be wise.





ROBERT C. BLOCK:

Every man is a volume if you
know how to read him.



WHITNEY BOLTON:

Strange music...



PATRICIA BRAUN:

Her careless care and sweet
unpunctuality...



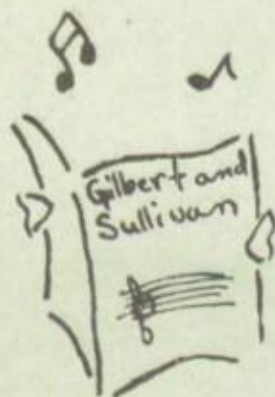
GEORGE BRUNSTETTER:

We stoop to conquer.



BARBARA BURR:

I love to spend my time in singing.



SARA ANN CARSON:

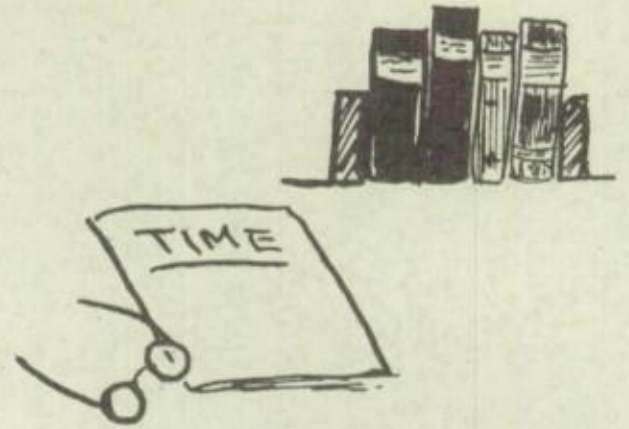
Sal, she am a maiden fair,
With curly eyes and laughing
hair...





ROBERT S. CHABON:

We live too fast.



PLATO CHAN:

Art helps nature, and experience, art.



CHAO-CHU CHI:

I am wealthy in my friends.



ANN COLEMAN:

With my head in the clouds...



ROY M. COLEMAN:

Seven years did I sleep,
studious of ease.



ELIZABETH COLVIN:

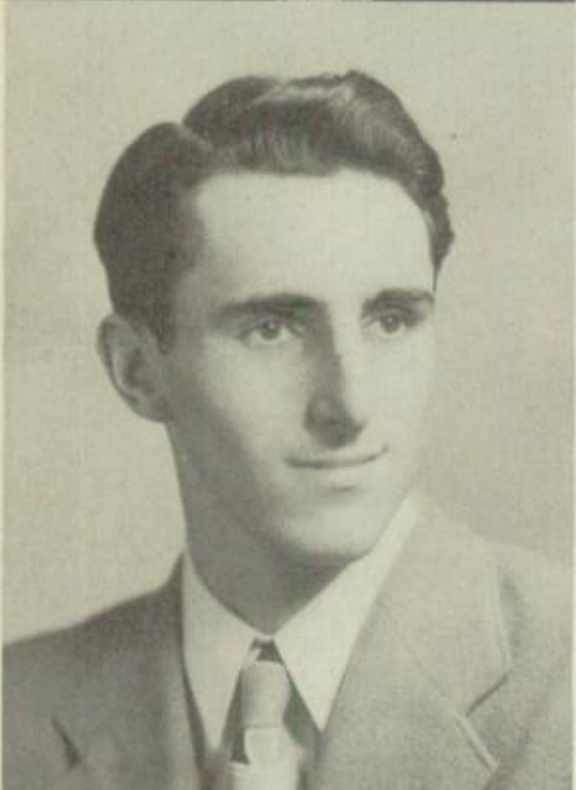
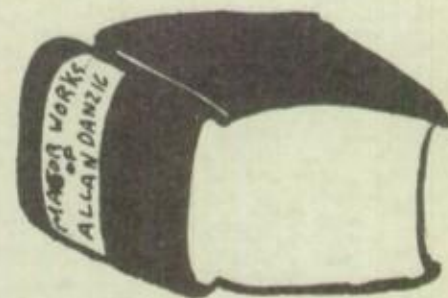
And her hair was so charming-
ly curled.





ALLAN P. DANZIG:

And the look in his eye
seemed to say to the sky,
"Now how to amuse them today?"



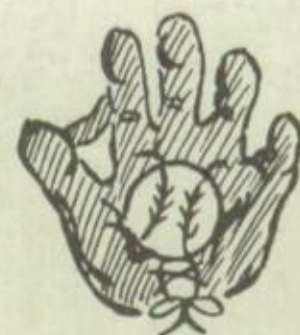
DONN DEARS:

Sailors should never be shy.



ADOLPHO DE CASTRO:

¿Por que?



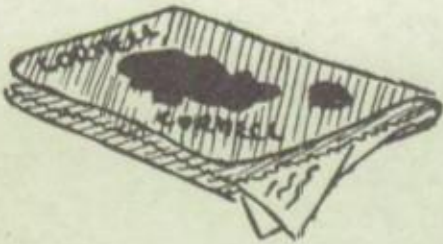
MARTHA JEAN DISTELHURST:

Absence makes the heart grow fonder.



CAROL ECKER:

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.



PIERRE EPSTEIN:

Then there was a council straight.





ROGER A. FELDMAN:

Anything you can do I can
do better,
I can do anything better
than you!

*Bella
Roger Feldman*



HARLEY FRANK:

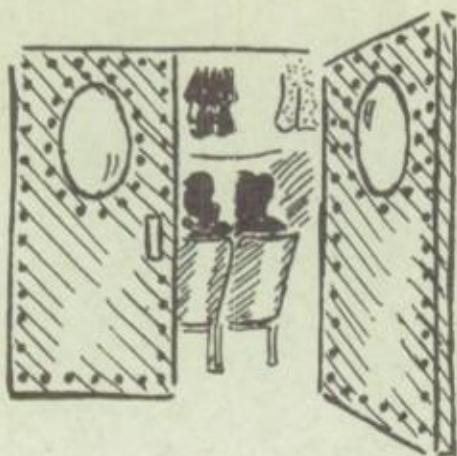
I'll get by.



JACK GOLDBERG:

We are growing serious.





ALICE GUTMANN:

'Round about, and 'round
about, and 'round a bout
I go.



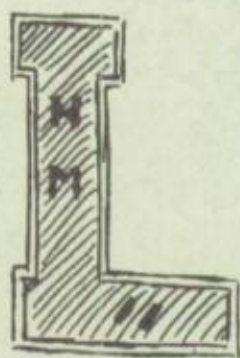
NANCY HARROW:



Dance, gypsy, laugh while ye
may.



JANE HILLIS:



I would rather be right than
president.



JUNE H. HIRSCH:

Brazil, where hearts are en-
tertainin' June.



ELIZABETH L. HIRSH:

I can resist everything but
temptation.



RALPH KNOPF:

I'll tell the man in the
street.



CHARLES A. KRASNE:

Exclusive with better independent grocers!



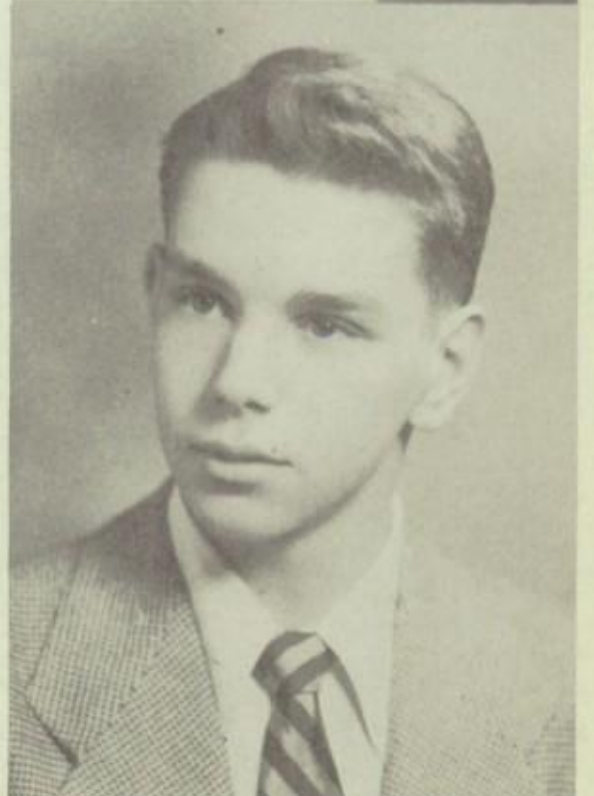
MARY J. KRIDEL:

A fair exterior is a silent recommendation.



JAN KRUKOWSKI:

Vain, very vain, my weary
search to find
That bliss which centers only
in the mind.





EVA KUGEL:

How can I work when the skies
are so blue?



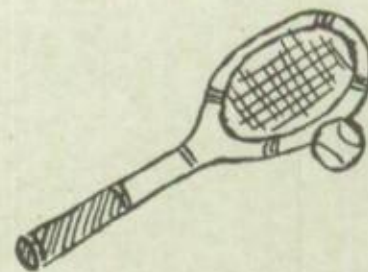
MARGARET LAMONT:

Blushing is the color of vir-
tue.



JOHN LASZLO:

How much we gain who make no
claims.



MARY JANE LEHMAN:

The was a little girl...



ELLIN M. LUKACH:

A fellow feeling makes one
wonderous kind.



PATRICIA MAY:

Fair laughs the morn, and
soft the zephyr blows.





MICHAEL MEISS:

...And rode rapidly off in all directions.



CLARE MORRIS:

Thou swell, thou witty.



RONA MOUND:

Ah, why should life all labor be?



GLENN OECHSNER:

The melancholy days are come.



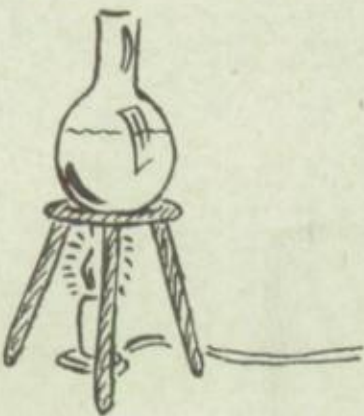
JONATHAN OSEAS:

Blessings on thee, little man.



JIMMIE S. PAYNE:

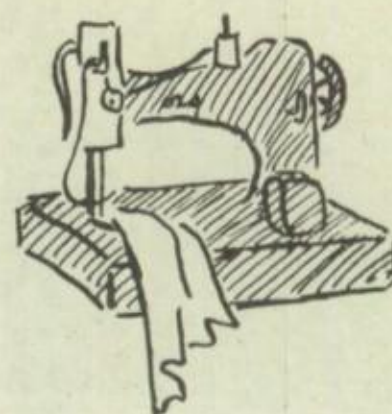
Hitch your wagon to a star.





ELIZABETH B. POWERS:

The morning roses newly
washed in dew.



ELIZABETH RAPHAEL:

A smile on her face, a harp
in her hand.



CHARLOTTE R. RAPPAPORT:

I have information - animal, veg-
etable, and mineral.



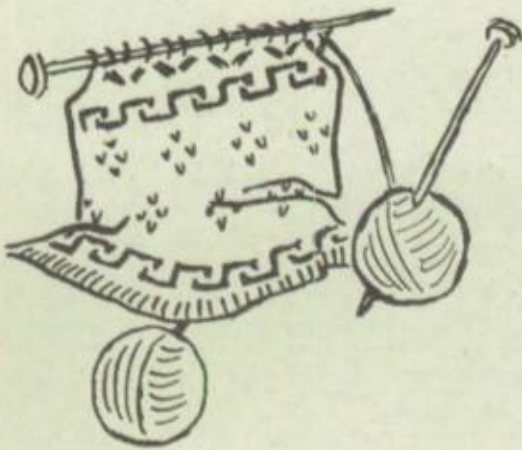
DAVID L. RATNER:

$$\left[\sqrt{\frac{a^{\frac{3}{2}} b^2}{c^3}} \sqrt{\left(\frac{\sqrt[3]{a c^{-1}}}{b \sqrt{a}} \right)^4} \right]^{\frac{2}{3}}$$

Whose little body lodged a mighty mind.



PATRICIA REED:



No task's too steep for human wit.



PETER REICH:



Self-trust is the secret of success.





ELLEN RIESENFELD:

Dance, ballerina, dance.



EDWIN RIPIN:

A wit, sir, but not a fool.



THEODORE ROBINSON:

You look wise. Pray correct that error!





RICHARD ROSEN:

I have had my days and my philosophies.



PATRICIA SIMON:

Gentle in thy manner, thou dost bold things in a quiet way.



LEVON SIMSARIAN:

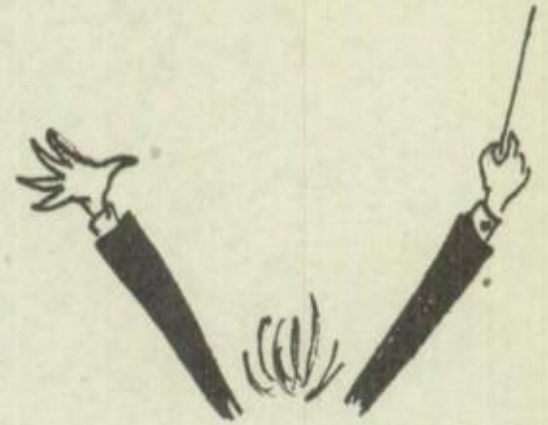
Nothing succeeds like success.





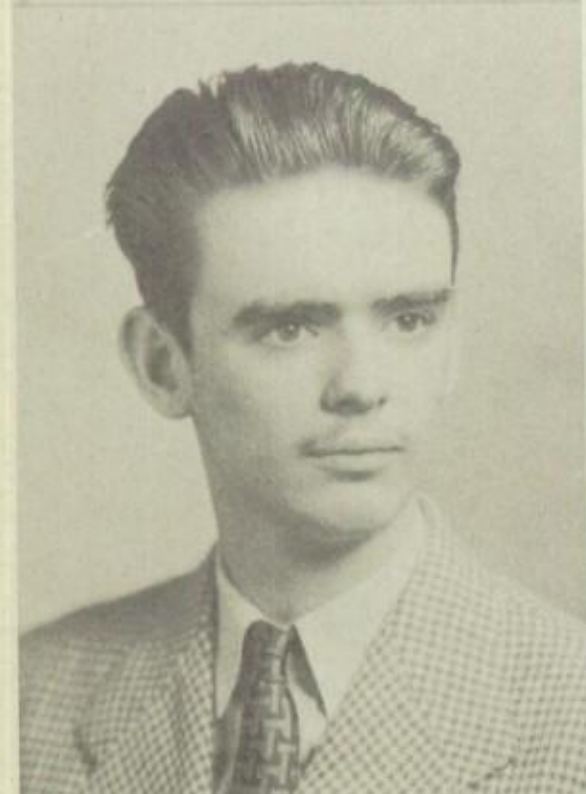
JOHN A. SONNEBORN:

His particularly rapid but un-
intelligible patter
Isn't generally heard, but if
it is, it doesn't matter.



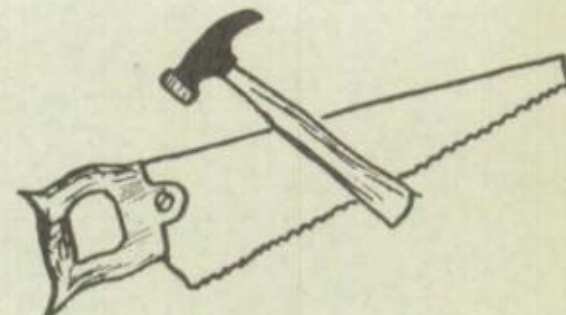
HELEN THOMAS:

Take her to dance, take her
to tea,
It's stunning how cunning this
lady can be.



JIM D. TILLEY:

The work of thy hands estab-
lish...



JEAN TISHMAN:

The happy comprehend.



ALICE TYSON:

A little Conservative.



ELLEN VORZIMER:

Laugh thy girlish laughter.





NORA WALDEN:

The best laid plans o' mice
an' men gang aft agley.



KATHERINE WEBSTER:

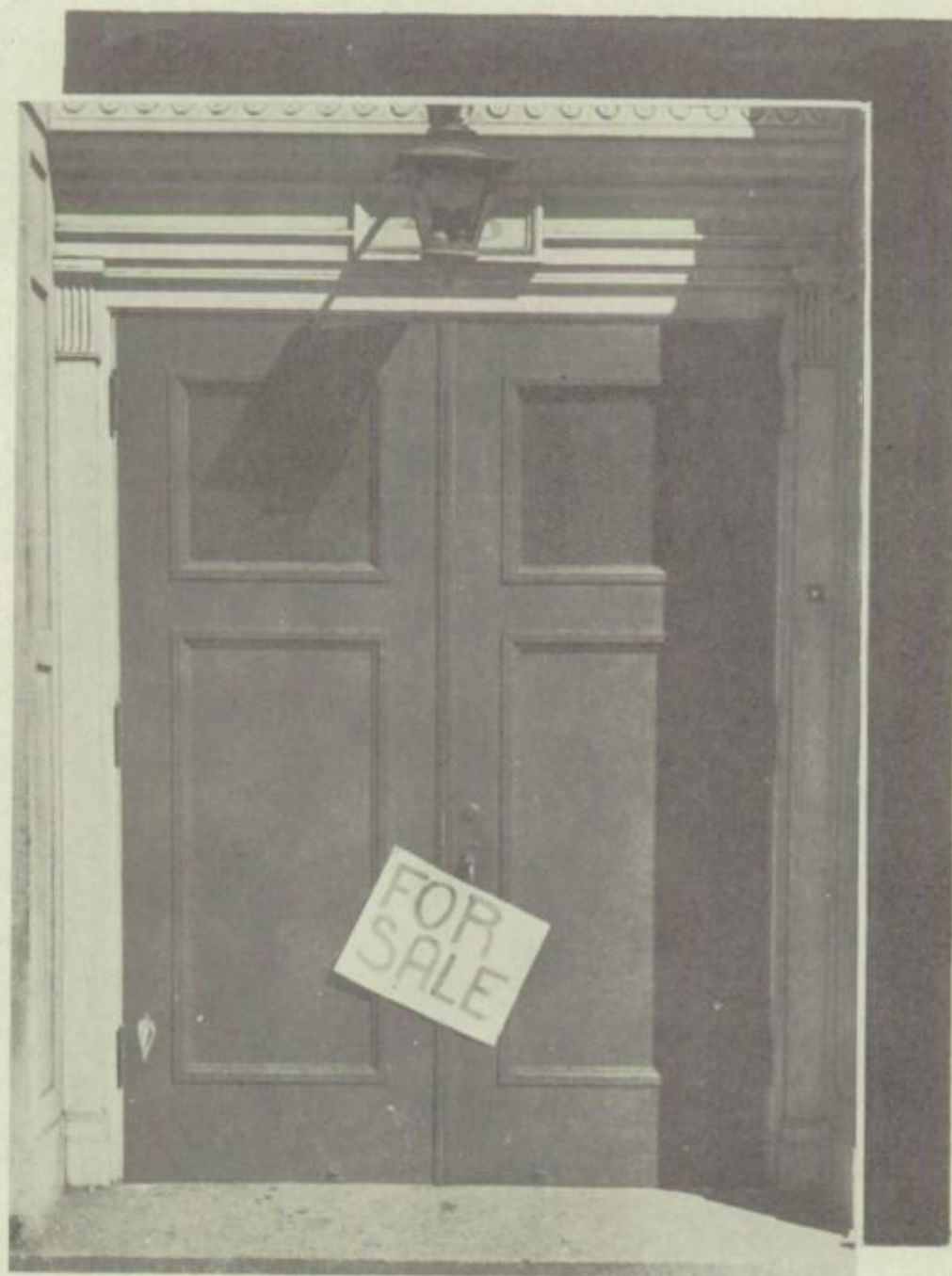
'Tis not my talent to conceal
my thoughts.



NICHOLAS WOOD:

Eat, drink, and be merry, for
tomorrow we die.





*The class of 1948 wishes to thank all the
advertisers and patrons who have made this book
possible.*

PATRONS

Mr. & Mrs. Alfred Bachrach

Mrs. I. H. Hirsch

Mr. & Mrs. Howard Lehman

Eisler Pharmacy; 1142 Lexington Avenue

Fritz Hardwares; 1192 Madison Avenue

Compliments of

TISHMAN REALTY & CONSTRUCTION CO. INC.

Cole Electric Products Div'sn
of

COLE INDUSTRIES
Long Island City, New York

Exclusive with Better Independent Grocers

... these wonderfully delicious **KRASDALE FOODS**

SELECTED FOR QUALITY—PRICED FOR ECONOMY



KRASDALE VEGETABLES

Keep KRASDALE peas, corn, beets and the other fine vegetables on your shelf. For a quick economical meal try them in a vegetable dinner. Your family will want them often . . . so good!

KRASDALE FRUITS

KRASDALE fruits . . . are just right for all occasions. For desserts or a party dish they ring the bell. Expert supervision guarantees their quality.

KRASDALE SALMON AND TUNA

For main dishes and salads KRASDALE salmon and tuna . . . can't be beat. Our buyers personally select what is packed from the freshest and plumpest of each catch. You will love their flavor and goodness. Here are salmon and tuna at their best.



KRASDALE FOODS, INCORPORATED
New York, New York
Distributors

Compliments of
THE ACE PAPER CO. INC.

**The high mark
 of fine
class jewelry!**

Your class ring selection bears the same D&C mark which has assured generations of students of high quality design, workmanship and value. Look for this mark on all future class and fraternity jewelry and awards.



CIRCLE 7-6290

ARGENT GALLERIES
*Contemporary
Painting & Sculpture*

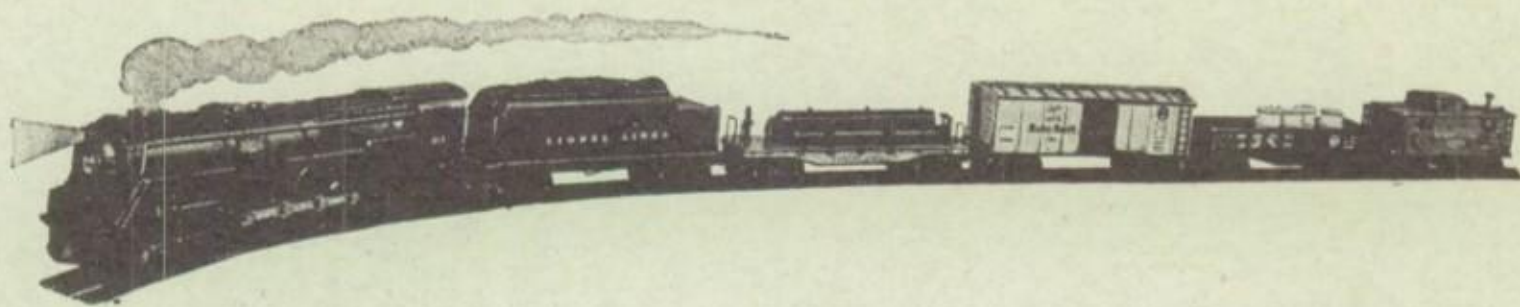
42 WEST 57 STREET

NEW YORK CITY

HOFFMANN & CRANE
1280 AMSTERDAM AVENUE

Luncheonette

Sandwiches & Soda



LIONEL TRAINS

for

THE TIME OF
YOUR LIFE

•

LIONEL CORPORATION
15 EAST 26th ST., NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

RICHARDSON WOOD

Market and Opinion Research

SPECIALIST IN RESEARCH LEADING TO
THE DEVELOPMENT OF NEW BUSINESSES

551 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK

REGENT 7-4161

VIOLA WOLFF

Dance Instruction

24 EAST 67TH STREET
NEW YORK, NEW YORK



CHIDNOFF STUDIO

550 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER

for

The 1948 Lincolnian

MONUMENT 2-6300
6301

M. J. CIRLIN

Wholesale and Retail

GROCER and FRUITERER

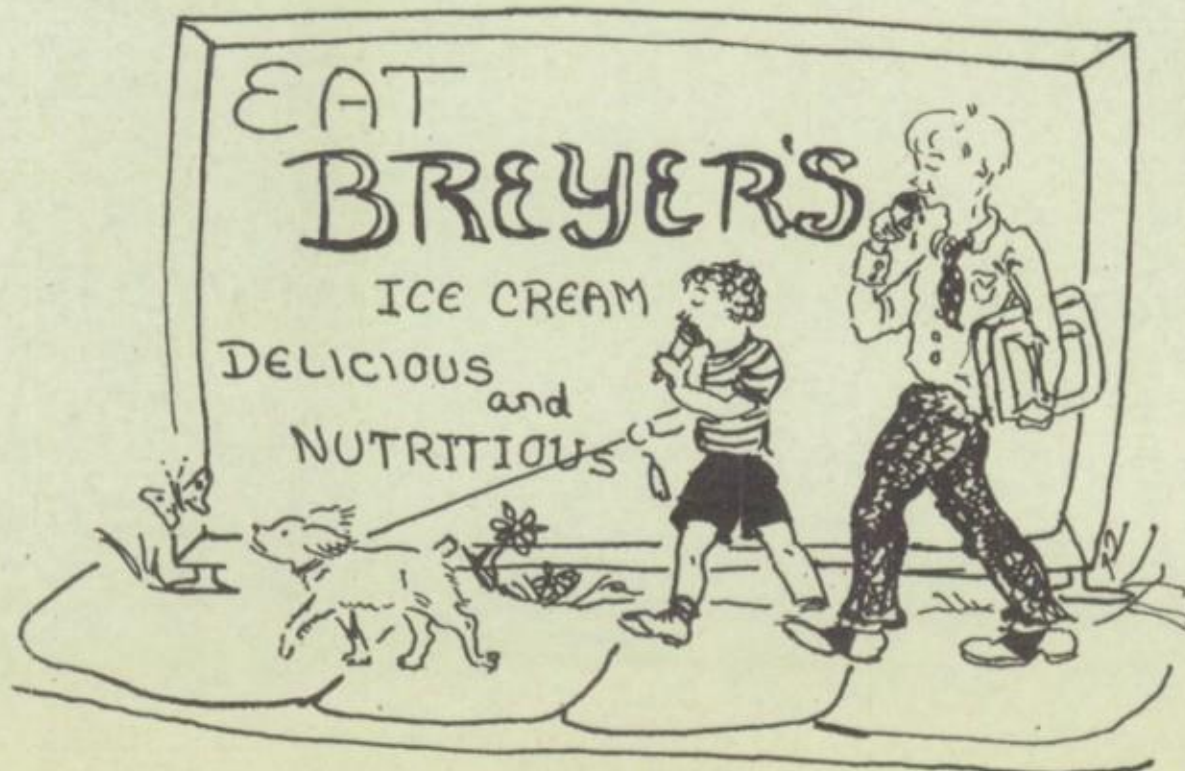
Meats and Poultry

3060 Broadway, Cor. 121st Street

D. V. BAZINET INC.

1226 Amsterdam Avenue

*Dry Goods and Novelties
Sportswear and Gifts*



ATWATER 9-9168

ATWATER 9-8130
9-8131

NINETIETH STREET PHARMACY

S. J. MARAZZI
Dispensing Chemists

1260 MADISON AVENUE COR. 90TH ST.

NEW YORK CITY

BEE FOOD STORE'S

GROCERIES, DAIRY PRODUCTS
FANCY FRUITS & VEGETABLES
Prompt Delivery

1431 LEXINGTON AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY

Kathleen Lee

118 East 60th Street
New York, N. Y.

featuring

DAYTIME

EVENING DRESSES

SPORTSWEAR

in the

NEW FALL FASHIONS

**NEWBURGER & HAND
INVESTMENT BROKERS**

Members

**NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
PHILADELPHIA STOCK EXCHANGE**

**NEW YORK CURB EXCHANGE
COMMODITY EXCHANGE INC.**

61 Broadway New York 6, N.Y.
HANover 2-5300

1441-Broadway New York 18, N.Y.
CHickering 4-0345

